

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

THE BEST OF
AMERICAN LIFE
IN FICTION FACT
AND COMMENT

VOLUME 97 NO. 37



PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY
\$2.50 A YEAR
7 CENTS A COPY

SEPTEMBER 13, 1923

THE WINNING PETITION

THE minute Myra King put her foot into the mill sewing room she knew that something unusual was in the air, for instead of chatting in groups of twos and threes the girls had gathered in an excited little circle. They called eagerly to her as she approached. Myra knew that she was popular with them, but she felt that her popularity "did not amount to a row of pins," as her Aunt Sally told her quite frequently. Myra had worked longer than any of the others in the sewing room; yet during the recent slack period she had been laid off, whereas others, including Nettie Wells, had been kept on. Myra hated to think of that long, awful furlough during which she had tried to get odd jobs to make ends meet at home. "All," her Aunt Sally had said, "because you are always making friends of the wrong people. Nettie stood in well with the finishing-room boss, and she wasn't laid off!"

It was Nettie that drew Myra into the little circle. "An efficiency expert, Myra; what do you think of that?" she exclaimed. "Some of the girls have seen him; he's been hired by the firm!"

Myra felt the same kind of little chill that she had experienced when the rumor that the firm was going to furlough a number of workers had reached her. "I'm not worrying!" she boasted bravely so that no one might see evidences of the fear that she felt. "What's an efficiency expert anyway?" She laughed pertly.

"Oh, you'll know soon enough," replied Nettie, linking her arm through Myra's. "He's hired to reduce the cost of manufacturing, and he goes round with a huge pair of shears, and, clip, clip, clip, he cuts and reduces. O girls, wait till he comes into the sewing room!"

Myra had a hard time laughing with the others. "It isn't fair," she said earnestly. "We need our work, and there's plenty of it here,—the plant's going full capacity,—so what could he possibly clip or cut here? We're all working just as hard as we can. If anything, we need new girls and more sewing machines to handle the goods."

"That's right," agreed Kate Brady; "he can't do much here, so we should

worry! We're working on piecework as it is. He can't fix that!"

"I'd rather be on a straight wage," said Nettie, wrinkling her pretty white forehead. "I hate this old piecework! I often have half a mind to put it up to Mr. Foster. Say, how many of you girls would agree to back me?"

"O Nettie, no!" cried Myra quickly. "Piecework pays better!"

"But look how hard we have to work!" proclaimed another girl. "We could get good wages and have less work. You know Mr. Foster said one time we could have it either way, piecework or straight wage."

The whistle blew and put an end to the conversation. The girls hurried to their machines.

As Myra guided yard upon yard of silk through her electrically driven sewing machine her thoughts were worried and rather bitter. She must prevent Nettie from asking for the wage scale! It would not be fair. She herself was experienced; she earned more than the others, because she worked harder. To put everyone on a straight-wage scale would be to put her exactly on the same basis with the other girls, some of whom had been working only a few months. But Nettie Wells had a way of her own; pretty, smiling and bright-eyed, she nearly always got the thing she wanted. Though Myra was more popular with the other girls than Nettie was, she realized that the girls would welcome Nettie's idea of a straight-wage scale, for they were all young and fun-loving and had few responsibilities.

Later in the morning Mr. Foster, the finishing-room boss, and the efficiency expert, a Mr. Duratt, came into the sewing room.



The new man seemed pleasant enough; he inspected the sewing machines carefully and asked the girls various questions. Myra, bristling with antagonism, made her answers as short as possible. It did not astonish her that the expert drew most of his information from Nettie, who, winsomely pleasant, rather welcomed the interruption in her work. Rapidly and deftly Myra guided her silk; her cheeks were burning, for she knew that she had made a mistake not to have been more gracious in her replies to Mr. Duratt.

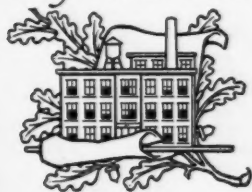
At home that evening she mentioned the efficiency expert only casually and Nettie's idea of straight wages not at all; she did not want to worry Aunt Sally; the furlough had been too recent. Aunt Sally had cheerfully given up a well-paying position and her own ambitions to make a home for her sister's children, of whom only two were wage earners. Kind and capable, she really took the place of mother and father to the little brood. She wanted to see Myra, who was the eldest, rise in her work; sometimes the girl thought wearily that she should never reach the position her aunt wanted her to reach.

In bed that night Myra lay a long time thinking and planning how best to argue the point of wages with the other girls. The matter would be difficult; since they were all less efficient than she was, they would naturally welcome a scale of payment that would put everyone on an equal basis.

In the noon hour the next day she had an opportunity to speak with Nettie.

"But you work too hard, Myra!" Nettie declared vehemently, putting her arm affectionately round Myra's slim waist. "You get almost half again as much as we girls, but

By
Lily Wandel



you're working yourself to skin and bone. That's why I was real glad you were laid off awhile ago. You'd be a nervous and physical wreck if you kept it up much longer. It will be just fine for you if we're all on a straight wage, even if you do earn a little less; you won't have to work like a fury."

That was the point! The others would earn a little more than they were earning now, and she would earn considerably less. "But, O Nettie, you don't understand!" she cried. "We need every penny I earn; we have an awful time as it is, trying to make ends meet. In fact we go in debt when I earn a dollar less."

"Then take your sister Edith out of high school and let her contribute to the income, as she should be doing now," replied Nettie. "You worked when you were her age."

"Oh, no, never! Edith is taking a commercial course, and she has only one year left. It would be cruel to take her out of high school!"

"It's cruel to make you work so hard!" Nettie replied stubbornly, and poor Myra felt vanquished. Somehow Nettie always came out on top.

For once Myra felt that the girls were not taking her into their confidence; they avoided her and talked together. She knew they were preparing a petition, and she was powerless to stop them. The queer part of it was that they really believed they were doing her a kindness. How could she make them understand that it was absolutely necessary for her to work hard, that she was only doing her part at home?

About a week later Mr. Foster and Mr. Duratt were again in the sewing room. They were talking near Myra's machine, and she could not help overhearing some of the conversation. Mr. Duratt was saying emphatically: "Yes, it certainly is a wonderful attachment! It will increase the production at least fifty per cent. It not only speeds up the machine but guides the silk. Yes, we can have them all installed by the end of next week. Then instead of needing more sewing girls we can lay off three or four."

Myra bent lower over her work. Lay

For once Myra felt that the girls were not taking her into their confidence

DRAWN BY A. C. WILLIAMSON

off three or four! Oh, surely she wouldn't be laid off! She had been there longer—With a shudder she remembered the furlough.

"Notice this girl working." Myra knew that Mr. Duratt meant her. "See how she must guide the silk, feeding it to the machine. With the new attachment that part will be unnecessary; she will have one hand practically free."

The new attachment for the sewing machines proved to be all that Mr. Duratt had promised and more. If Myra had been free from worry, she would have enjoyed the improvement on her machine. Though it took a little while to accustom herself to the tremendous new speed, when she had done it she realized that her work was considerably lessened. One thing was soon apparent: with the sewing machines now taking care of so much silk there would not be enough work for all the girls. Some must go.

And with those harassing thoughts came suddenly another, clear and dazzling like a shaft of brilliant sunlight. If the attachment increased the amount of sewed silk, then it would likewise increase the pay in her envelope—that is, if she continued to do piecework. Myra trembled with excitement. She would explain the matter to the girls; they would understand and would refrain from handing in a petition for straight wages.

At closing time she went to Kate Brady. "Katie, do you realize what we'll earn at this new speed?" she whispered. "Oh, you won't consider that petition of Nettie's, will you?"

"I wish we had known yesterday how the attachment would work," said Katie, pulling a long face. "We handed Mr. Foster the petition last evening."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Myra desperately. "How could you?" Tears of disappointment filled her eyes. "Oh, if you girls had only listened to me! Don't you see now how foolish you've been? The management could wish for nothing better than a straight-wage scale with this new attachment. Naturally it will be granted, and we shall have missed the increased pay we could have had so easily." Her thoughts ran in new, swift channels. "Katie!" She grasped the girl's arm. "Tell me, did all the girls sign?"

"I guess about half did," answered Katie. "Many of those who'd been here longer wouldn't sign, and also some of the new ones, who were too timid."

"Then—then," Myra continued breathlessly, "then I'll get up a petition to keep our old way of piecework payment! Oh, why didn't I think of that long ago!"

The next morning Myra reached the mill early so as not to miss a single sewing-room girl. Overflowing with enthusiasm and new hope, she argued her point well and succeeded in getting a good many names. She took the time from her work to present the petition personally to the finishing-room boss.

"Little late for this," Mr. Foster frowned as he glanced at the paper. "Miss Wells handed me one a day or two ago. Seems to me," he added testily, "you girls in the sewing room should be able to come to some kind of an agreement and know what you want."

"But this petition will be considered, won't it?" Myra pleaded anxiously.

"Of course," answered the foreman, tossing the paper on his desk. "It's up to Mr. Duratt; whatever he says goes during this readjustment period."

Again Myra felt a chill of apprehension; she feared readjustments and the efficiency expert's slashing hand. "Will—will," she stammered timidly, "will there be any changes in the sewing room, Mr. Foster?"

"Every department is being pruned and reorganized," the finishing-room boss replied. "The sewing room needs a sweeping more than any other place. This,"—he waved his hand toward the petition,—"*this* not knowing what you want shows it!"

Myra went slowly back to her work. Did Mr. Foster regard her as a trouble maker? Did he mean her when he had spoken of the sewing room's needing a sweeping?

As she hurried home that evening she decided to tell Aunt Sally of the new speed attachment on the machines and of the probability of some of the girls' being laid off; then if she should be among them, the blow would not be too sudden for her aunt.

"Don't you worry about that, Myra," Aunt Sally said comfortingly. "You won't be laid off by any smart Alec of an efficiency expert. You've been their best worker, steady and dependable, and, what's more, no trouble maker. That counts a lot."

"Yes," mumbled Myra. She flushed as she spoke, for she had not told Aunt Sally of the petition that she had handed in.

In the morning Myra found the girls in the sewing room rather quiet, seemingly under a strain. Those who had signed the first petition wished that they had not, now that they saw the amount of silk that could be sewed with the help of the new attachment; and those who had signed the second petition were apprehensive, for there were rumors that Mr. Foster had been annoyed by the second request about wage conditions.

A few days later when Myra felt that she could not stand the suspense any longer Mr. Duratt entered the sewing room and smilingly asked the girls to stop work for a few minutes. As Myra snapped off the current from her motor she saw her hand shake; she knew that the eventful moment had come.

"Girls," said Mr. Duratt cheerfully, "the management, Mr. Foster and I have carefully considered both petitions that you submitted. As you all know, I have been hired to put the mill on a better paying basis, to eliminate all waste and introduce economy in every department. In this particular department you have seen how I introduced this attachment that not only produces more but requires less attention and work and will reduce the number of workers. Now as to the wage scale, we feel that the suggestion of a straight-wage basis is a very good one, and you may consider that it has gone into effect since last pay day. Wages will average up differently, but I think that for most of you the plan is a decided advantage."

Myra's mouth set firmly. In a few moments he named the payment. For all of them except herself it was a decided improvement; for her it meant a reduction of at least two dollars a week.

Toward the end of that miserable day Myra decided to see Mr. Foster and put her case before him. Surely if he had any sense of justice, he would realize that she was not being treated fairly. Her heart was beating violently as she shut off her machine and prepared to go to the foreman's office. What if he refused to see her? Perhaps he would think she was trying to cause trouble again. Could she make him realize what two dollars more or less meant in their household? Two dollars a week covered the milk bill.

As she passed Nettie's sewing machine the pretty girl caught her hand. "Myra, dear, where are you going? You're awfully pale," Nettie looked at her with an anxious, affectionate smile. "Are you feeling all right?"

Myra nodded, pulled her hand away and hurried out. Poor Nettie, she meant to be kind, but really she was to blame for all the trouble. If she had not started that petition, what wonderful wages she, Myra, might be earning now! What mattered an aching back and tired eyes if she could bring in five dollars more a week? How pleased and proud Aunt Sally would have been!

The clerk in Mr. Foster's office asked her what she wanted and when she told him said that Mr. Foster had gone home and would not be back that day. Myra nodded almost in relief, for she had dreaded the interview. As she left the office Mr. Duratt, with his hands full of papers, brushed by her with a slight smile and a nod. Filled with conflicting emotions, she stopped outside the office door and watched him disappear. She liked Mr. Duratt, yet she hated him for the general upheaval that he had caused. He with Nettie was responsible for the reduction in her wages.

She walked quickly toward the door where he had disappeared; her gaze was on the floor; she saw neither the busy workers nor the noisy, rattling machines. Right before the door lay a sheet of paper; probably Mr. Duratt had dropped it. Mechanically she stooped and, picking it up, hurried to the sewing room.

Just before she entered her workroom she glanced at the typewritten lines at the top of the paper: "List of workers to be retained in the sewing room." She scanned the list eagerly and, pale and breathless, came to the end of it; her name was not there. She thought that in her overanxiety she might have missed it; she carefully went over the list again, but no Myra King was mentioned.

All that evening Myra tried to find courage to tell Aunt Sally, but the words stuck in her throat. But that night in bed she allowed her pent-up emotions relief in thick, choking sobs that she stifled in the pillow. What was the use of having been a faithful worker, first to be furloughed and now discharged? What was the use of having won the respect and love of all her fellow workers when the heads of the departments were against her? To come back tomorrow evening, which was pay day, and tell Aunt Sally that she had no

work! If she could not find suitable employment soon, Edith would have to leave school and help meet expenses, and Myra had set her heart on Edith's finishing her commercial course.

In the morning Myra wearily entered the sewing room, where the girls were gathered in little groups, laughing and talking more happily than usual in prospect of the increased wages. Myra dreaded the day; it might be her last in that room. Every time the door opened she trembled, expecting to be called to Mr. Foster's office.

At last an office boy appeared; she was to come at once to Mr. Duratt's office. Myra nodded; she was incapable of speaking. She shut off her machine, aware that the girls were regarding her curiously. Before the door of Mr. Duratt's office she stopped, trying in vain to get control of her unruly breathing and to rub a little color into her cheeks. Then she knocked on the door.

Mr. Duratt greeted her with his usual pleasant smile and drew out a chair for her. "Be seated, Miss King. Lovely day, isn't it?" Myra really did not know whether it was stormy or fair. "As you know, we are contemplating various changes in the departments and of course in the sewing room too. We regret that we must dispense with the

services of several of the sewing girls, but possibly when orders increase we may be able to hire them again, if they care to return."

He stopped for a few moments, and Myra swallowed hard and pressed her nails into her wet palms; she was steeling herself for what must come, commanding herself not to permit a single tear to fall.

"We have decided, Miss King, to do without your services on the sewing machine," Myra nodded quickly, nervously; she was glad it was over. "We feel that you are equipped for different work. In other words I want you to be forewoman of the sewing girls. You are to have a desk at one end of the room and take certain work from Mr. Foster's overloaded shoulders. You have been a steady, conscientious worker and, what's more, well liked by the girls, which means a great deal. I feel that you are particularly well suited for this position. You will be on a straight salary of twenty dollars a week, and on top of that you'll get a bonus based on production."

When Myra had thanked him and was back in the sewing room, where she was at once surrounded by a bevy of congratulating girls, she heard Kate Brady whisper softly, "It was part of Nettie's petition, you know!"

RALPH ILLINSON

By Arthur Stanwood Pier



Chapter Seven. Château-Thierry

AFTER the day of rain the weather turned intensely hot. The Woodbury baby ceased to gain strength. Mr. Woodbury went to his office late and came home early; the doctor called every day; Mrs. Woodbury's face grew more pale, the expression of it more anxious. Then a trained nurse was installed.

Ralph came one morning to hear startling news. "We're going away for the rest of the summer," Nelly said to him. "The doctor says the baby must have sea air."

"Are you closing up the house?" "Yes, tomorrow. Mr. Woodbury's taken a place at the seashore about an hour's ride from here. We're going down there tomorrow afternoon."

"That's pretty sudden, isn't it? I certainly hope it will make the baby all right."

"I guess it will," said Nelly. "The heat here is fierce. I'll be glad to get away to the beach myself."

A little later that morning Mr. Woodbury informed Ralph of the change that was to be made and explained that it would mean an increase of his responsibility.

"Of course you won't have the work to do about the house that you have had; on the other hand I shall expect you to keep the place up and look after the garden just as if I were here following you all the time. I'll give you a key to the house; you can telephone to me at my office when any question comes up or you want instructions about anything. I shall come to town nearly every day."

That day and the next there was no outside work for Ralph beyond that required for getting vegetables for the Woodburys'

meals. His services were needed in the house; he packed things away, rolled up and stowed away rugs, swathed furniture and pictures, brought trunks down from the attic and carried boxes of he did not know what up to the attic. By the afternoon of the second day the labor of "packing up the house," as Nelly called it, was completed. Nelly and Bridget had already been sent to prepare the house at the seashore; the automobile truck had arrived and had departed bearing the family luggage; a limousine had taken away Mrs. Woodbury, the baby, the nursemaid and the trained nurse; and now Mr. Woodbury had brought his automobile out of the garage, had put Tommy and various items of luggage into it, had locked up the house and was giving Ralph his last instructions.

"I feel quite safe in leaving the place in your care, Ralph," he said. "I know now what I didn't believe at first—that you're a fellow that can be depended on. Here's the key to the back door; whenever you go into the house be careful always on going out to lock it up. I'll come Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons for vegetables; I'll expect you to have a supply ready for me on those days by half past three o'clock. I guess that's all. Good-by and good luck."

As the automobile rolled off down the driveway Ralph stood looking after it with a sense of exultation mingled with seriousness. Then he turned and walked back to the vegetable garden. Phil was working close to the dividing wall.

"I'm alone in my glory now, Phil," Ralph announced.

"How many days a week do you expect to work?" Phil asked.

"I bet nobody will ever catch me lying down on my job," Ralph replied. "I expect as a matter of fact I shall have so much to do that I shan't be able to help you with those four cords of wood."

"What on earth can you find to do on rainy days?"

"Those are the days that burglars are most likely to break into the house. I'll have to sit inside and read and watch for them."

"You can waste your time if you want, but you can't waste mine," retorted Phil; he turned his back on Ralph and went at his digging.

Indeed Phil was astonished at his friend's zealous industry in the days that followed. Mr. Woodbury on his first two or three calls for vegetables expressed his satisfaction with Ralph's work—and Ralph expressed his satisfaction at hearing that the baby was steadily gaining.

But as time passed it seemed to Ralph that there was always just a little more than he could do; that, if he kept the weeds down in the vegetable garden, they began to overrun the paths and beds in the flower garden; that, if he was conscientious about spraying the potatoes and hoeing the corn, the hedge went untrimmed and the lawn uncut; and with

each rainy day the condition of things became a little worse, a little more discouraging to struggle against. Phil did not have the same difficulty, but the Whitneys' place had been in better condition than the Woodburys' when Phil went to work on it, and, though Ralph was reluctant to admit it, Phil was a more rapid and expert worker. Ralph tried conscientiously to keep from falling behind with his tasks; day after day he went home dog-tired. And day after day he felt in his heart a little more discouraged.

It cut him when, after two weeks had passed, Mr. Woodbury on one of his visits said, "Things aren't looking so well as they did, Ralph. Not slowing up on your work, are you?"

"No, sir, but it seems as if there was always more of it that had to be done."

"I don't quite know why that should be. Well, do the best you can."

Ralph felt hurt as well as discouraged. Had he been working himself to a shadow only to be suspected of loafing? A nice reward for honest, faithful service!

He was subjected to other depressing influences at about that time. Jim Sneed, whom he had not seen for a week or more after the fight, threatened to come again into his life. One morning Ralph looked up from his work to find Sneed leaning against the fence and gazing at him. Startled, Ralph glanced round to make sure that Phil was within call; then he and Sneed gazed at each other for a few moments without speaking. Ralph resumed his work, keeping an eye on Sneed, whom he expected to raid the garden; but Sneed, after watching him in silence for a time, walked away.

On two other occasions Sneed repeated the performance. To Ralph it was mysterious, uncanny, ominous. Phil, deeply interested in the phenomena, offered nothing but comments of a dispiriting nature.

"He's doing something out for you, that's sure," said Phil. "He's getting ready to pull something off, but what it is I don't know."

"I'd rather have him lay for me and try to beat me up than just prowl and snoop round like this," complained Ralph.

"I guess he means to lay for you and beat you up all right; he's probably planning out some sure way of doing it. You'd better keep on sticking close to me."

Ralph did not relish such a bald statement of his dependence.

"I guess it's for your protection as much as mine that we're sticking together," he retorted.

"Come off; you don't really think that!" said Phil.

"Sure I do."

"Oh, all right. Then we'll travel separate for a while, and see how you like it."

Ralph knew that unless he humbled himself Phil in his perversity would carry out the threat.

"Don't be so mean, Phil," he said. "Of course you know I've got to have you to help me against that big stiff, and I know that you don't need me."

"As long as you put it that way you needn't worry; I'll continue to look after you."

Ralph swallowed his wrath. "I wonder what Sneed's doing now anyway, since he got fired from the brewery."

"Nothing, I guess, except loaf round the saloons where he used to unload his beer kegs. I saw him come out of one the other night when I was downtown—and the toughest-looking guy I ever saw was with him."

"I wish he'd do something and get put away for it."

"Give him time and opportunity and he'll probably do something to you," said Phil with his characteristically brutal humor.

Ralph was troubled by more than the vague fear of some calamitous happening of Sneed's devising and the exasperating attitude of dependence upon Phil that prudence dictated. Daily the newspapers reported heavy fighting by the Americans. The casualty lists appearing each day began now to hit near home. When he reached his house one evening he found the tension greater than usual. Stella was not visible. Mrs. Illinson had been crying; and Mr. Illinson, who had come home early, explained to Ralph in a grave voice:

"The Reeds got a message from the War Department this afternoon. Harry was killed on the second."

"Isn't that awful!" was all that Ralph could say.

The Reeds lived in the next block. Harry Reed was a year or two older than Stuart. He had been a clerk in a bank before he enlisted. He had also been a friend of Stella's. Ralph had an idea that Harry and Stella



He and Sneed gazed at each other for a few moments without speaking

were in love with each other, though the idea had never had any special interest or poignancy for him until now.

"I'm afraid Company D's in the thick of it," said Mr. Illinson.

Stuart, as well as Harry Reed, was a member of Company D.

"Here it is the seventeenth, and he was killed on the second," said Ralph. "And they've just heard!"

His father nodded.

"I saw Mrs. Reed at the Red Cross rooms this morning," said Mrs. Illinson. "She had just had such a cheerful letter from Harry; she said she knew it was unreasonable, but every time she got one of his cheerful letters she almost stopped worrying. And just an hour later she learned this."

"How did you hear about it?" Ralph asked.

"Some one at the Reeds' called up and asked Stella to go over there. She was gone about an hour."

Mrs. Illinson spoke in an unsteady voice. "I'll never forget the look on Stella's face when she came into the house. 'Harry's dead, mother—killed on the second,' she said, and without another word she went upstairs. She locked herself in her room, and I heard her crying; and when I asked if she wouldn't let me in she said no, she wanted to be alone. The poor child's heartbroken. She never said anything definite to me about how they felt, but of course I knew they wrote to each other, and I guess the only reason they never told anyone was they—they were afraid this might happen."

Ralph felt a tenderness for his sister such as he had never felt before. Hitherto with his affection for her there had always been interwoven a faint animosity, the result of her clear-sighted perception and outspoken criticism of all his failings. He had always thought of her as too competent and capable to be quite human. And now all her competence and capability availed her nothing, and Ralph felt that he would give anything to comfort her.

When supper was ready Mrs. Illinson went upstairs and standing at Stella's door said, "Aren't you coming down, dear? Or would you rather have me bring a little supper up to you?"

"No, mother, I'll come down," Stella answered.

She came down a few moments later and took her seat in silence. There was a redness about her eyes, but she seemed to have regained self-control; she did not attempt to talk. Mr. Illinson strove to make cheerful conversation, and Ralph seconded his efforts; but in the midst of everything Stella could endure it no longer; tears started suddenly from her eyes; she pushed her chair away from the table and rose. Her father was as quick as she, caught her, drew her to him and petted her while she laid her face against his breast and wept.

"It's—it's of no use. I simply can't stay down tonight," she said at last. "Thank you, father." She put her face up and kissed her father, who held her tight a moment longer. Then he let her go into Ralph's arms; and Ralph, timidly almost, kissed her.

"I'm so sorry, Stell," he murmured. She

squeezed his hand; she couldn't speak another word; she hurried from the room and her mother followed. When she was on the stairs her sobs burst forth, unrestrained, agonizing. Ralph and his father looked at each other, and each saw a look of helplessness and misery.

"Sit down, Ralph," said Mr. Illinson gently. "Sit down. You must eat."

He sat down too and made a pretense of eating. But for Ralph as well as for his father appetite was gone, and they both left the table long before Mrs. Illinson came downstairs.

The next day was the 18th of July. It was a hot, sultry day; Ralph worked listlessly. He could not overcome the depression of spirit with which he had awakened that morning; the thought of Stella and of Harry Reed was too fresh and poignant.

That evening he heard from his father of the American attack at Château-Thierry.

"It's the turn of the tide," said Mr. Illinson. "It's the counter attack at last."

"Oh, I hope and pray that Stuart isn't in it!" exclaimed Mrs. Illinson.

"His division is in it. Stuart's in it, and he'll be in it again."

"Yes—yes; that's the horrible, ghastly part of it; it doesn't make any difference what a man goes through, he can't earn the right to live! He's snatched from death one day perhaps only to be thrown into the furnace the next."

"That's true, Mary. We've got to steel ourselves to bear whatever may happen. But tonight for the first time we can feel that our dead have not died in vain." Mr. Illinson glanced toward his daughter who had been sitting, pale and silent, by an open window of the library. He rose, went to her and stood stroking her cheek. "Try to think of that, dear."

"Yes, father. I'll try not to be selfish. Oh, I know he hasn't died in vain!"

"You're a brave girl, Stella; you always have been. I tell you, if you break down over anything, you take the whole family with you."

"I'm not going to break down," said Stella. "I've got hold of myself now. Harry would want me to go on doing what I can. It's little enough. I'm going back to the workrooms tomorrow."

"That's the spirit." Her father's voice was less clear than her own; he stood a few moments longer stroking her cheek.

Ralph possessed himself of the evening newspaper and became absorbed in the first story of Château-Thierry. It stirred him as

nothing that he had yet read about the war had done. It fired his imagination. When he went to bed that night he lay for a long time wondering what at that hour was happening at Château-Thierry.

The next morning he had time to glance over the morning newspaper before Phil called for him. The news filled him with exultation. Oh, to be in that battle! He was standing on the veranda with the newspaper spread open before him when Phil arrived.

"Great news," cried Phil.

"Great, I should say," Ralph responded.

"Right back to the Rhine, now that the Americans have got going."

"Yes, and I'll bet that won't stop them."

As on the preceding day Ralph had been listless at his work on account of depression, so on this day he was negligent and intermittent on account of excitement and preoccupation. Every little while he would think of something relating to the military situation that he wanted to say to Phil, and he would call Phil to the wall and talk it over with him. Phil was just as unsettled as Ralph.

"To think," he exclaimed repeatedly to Ralph, "of a thing like this going on, and we not in it!"

"There's a great war map on the wall of Mr. Woodbury's library," said Ralph. "Come in and look at it a moment. I'll show you just where the Americans are pushing them back."

Phil climbed over the wall; Ralph took him to the back door, which he unlocked, leaving the key in the keyhole, and escorted him to the library. There the two boys pored over the map for some time; they followed the battle line from the Swiss border to the North Sea.

"Neuve Chapelle!" exclaimed Ralph. "They say there are some great war pictures downtown; seems to me I heard that some of them were of the fighting round Neuve Chapelle. What do you say we knock off work and go and see them this afternoon?"

"I'd like to," said Phil. "But I don't know—"

"You can telephone your boss for permission," urged Ralph. "Right from here. And I'll call mine up. They'll let us go, I'm sure."

Phil telephoned first. He talked with Mr. Whitney and had no trouble in obtaining the permission that he sought. Ralph was less successful. Mr. Woodbury had left his office and was probably gone for the day.

"I know he'd let me go," Ralph said. "I'll tell him tomorrow afternoon when he comes for the vegetables. Tomorrow's his day. If he wants to dock my pay he can, but he isn't that sort, even if he is fussy in some ways."

"Fussy? What's he been doing? Calling you down about something?"

Ralph was busily explaining to Phil just what he did mean while they passed out of the house and he closed the door behind them. It wasn't that Mr. Woodbury nagged exactly; still he seemed never quite satisfied with what a fellow was doing; and honestly now, hadn't he a right to be satisfied with the way his place was being taken care of?

"Oh, sure," said Phil. "Of course you were about three days late getting after the potato bugs, and a few other things like that, but I guess you do as well as the average."

The boys went home, changed their clothes and after lunch hastened to the pictures. The pictures were interesting, but in the midst of the performance Ralph had a sudden thought that chilled him through and through.

"Phil," he whispered, "did you notice when we came out of the Woodburys' house whether I locked the door or not?"

"No, I didn't notice," Phil answered.

"It's just come over me that I didn't. I'm afraid I left the door unlocked and the key sticking in the keyhole."

"Well, if you left the door unlocked, it makes no difference where the key is," Phil said lightly.

"It's no joke. The Woodburys went away in such a hurry they left some valuable things in the house instead of sending them to the vaults—silver and some jewelry. I



Drawings by EMLEN MCCONNELL

don't know where it is, but I know it's there." Ralph's voice betrayed his anxiety.

"Well, I guess it's still there," responded Phil. "Don't worry."

"I wish I could remember locking that door. Can't you remember, Phil?"

"No; I can't be sure. I wasn't noticing."

"I wonder if I oughtn't to beat it and go right up there now."

"Oh, wait till the show's over. Most likely the door's locked. And even if it isn't, the chances are about a thousand to one against anybody's finding it out and going in."

"I suppose that's so," Ralph admitted, and he decided that he might as well stay. But he only half enjoyed the rest of the show.

As soon as it was over he said good-by to Phil and boarded a car that would take him out near the Woodburys' place. When he walked up the driveway he felt a mingling of relief and alarm; for there was Mr. Woodbury's automobile standing in front of the house.

Then Mr. Woodbury appeared, coming from the vegetable garden, carrying a basket and mopping his face. When he saw Ralph he did not by any means greet him with a smile.

Ralph hastened forward; apologies and explanations rushed to his lips.

"I'm so sorry I wasn't here, Mr. Woodbury; if I'd known you were coming—"

"Yes, I don't doubt that then you'd have been here." Mr. Woodbury's tone was sarcastic; he was perspiring from his exertions in the vegetable garden; his collar was wilted; he was irritated.

"It's the first afternoon I've taken off," said Ralph, "and I tried to get your permission; I telephoned to your office, and they said you'd gone for the day. Phil Allen wanted me to go to see the war pictures with him, and he'd got Mr. Whitney's permission; I thought probably you would be willing to have me go."

"I might or I might not; you shouldn't have gone without my permission," Mr. Woodbury answered stiffly. "I expected to

find you here, and you weren't here; I have had to do work that I meant to have you do for me and that I'm paying you to do. I should be disposed to overlook all that, but you went away leaving the house practically wide open to any thief that might be prowling round. I found this key in the back door and the door unlocked."

He held out the key to Ralph, who as he took it again tried to explain. "I was afraid I'd gone away leaving the door unlocked; that's why I came back—"

Mr. Woodbury seemed not to heed him at all. Without any comment he climbed into his car, started the engine and drove away.

TO BE CONTINUED.

★ WHEN THE MOON FELL ★ By C.A. Stephens ★

MASTER KENNARD'S evening class in astronomy was one of the most interesting courses at the academy during the whole time we young folk at the old squire's attended school there. It came in October and was held in the open air. Those of us who were taking it set off at seven o'clock in the evening and with Master Kennard leading the way climbed Mike's Hill, from the summit of which you could get an uninterrupted view of the sky round the entire horizon. A great lone pine stood there in those days, and the class, eighteen or twenty girls and boys, were wont to gather at the foot of it.

The first lesson, as I remember, was on the evening star. Master Kennard explained why Mercury, Venus, Jupiter and Mars may be evening or morning stars and then went on to tell us what was known about the planets and their moons, about the other bodies of the solar system and about the asteroids. During the second lesson and several lessons thereafter he spoke of the constellations.

Meteors and the belts or rings in which they move were the subject of our last evening lesson, but owing to bad weather nine or ten days had passed before we climbed Mike's Hill again for study. By that time November had come, and the evening was so chilly that Master Kennard allowed us to remain at the old pine only half an hour. He told us of the August and November belts of meteors and also of certain large meteorites that have fallen to the earth, like those to be seen in the National Museum at Washington. "During next week, at the middle of the month," he continued, "the orbit of the earth intercepts the November belt of meteors. I propose therefore, if the weather is not too severe, that we come up here, well wrapped, and see how many meteors we can count in two hours. There may be quite a shower." Then he told us of the magnificent star fall on the night of November 13, 1833. "There has been no such grand display since," he added, "yet no one knows when another like it may occur."

We went up the hill on Wednesday evening of the second week of November, twenty of us in our last winter's coats, cloaks and caps. My, but wasn't it bleak up there! A bitter wind swept the hilltop, and the old pine roared in the hard gusts. Wild clouds too were racing through the sky. It was a night to make your teeth chatter. We caught sight of a few meteors above the clouds, but Master Kennard decided that it was too cold to stay, especially for the girls; so after a few minutes we all went down.

The following Friday evening we toiled up Mike's Hill again, heavily laden this time; everyone had blankets and a pillow or at least something that would serve as a pillow. The best way to watch the heavens, as we



The ruddy light shone on our faces and became brighter momentarily

had learned, is to lie on your back with something to support your head. The weather had moderated; the night was calm, and the heavens were clear. Even on our way up the hill we saw seventeen shooting stars.

At the top we lay in groups on a gentle slope of the dry pasture land beyond the pine; each watcher was rolled up in one or more blankets, and our heads were comfortably lying on the pillows or rests. Master Kennard took his place a little to the rear of the line and appointed two assistants to keep account of any meteors we might see. The rest of the class were to watch, five toward the southern quarter of the heavens, five toward the western, five toward the eastern and three toward the northern quarter. Whoever saw a meteor first was to call out, "One," and the counters would add it to their list.

As it turned out two or three and even more were at times seen to shoot at once, and the counters frequently had to work nimbly to keep the totals right. But on the whole I think we all did pretty well and made few mistakes, though once there were fourteen meteors in sight at the same instant, and some confusion followed before the count could be got straight.

Most of the meteors that we saw that night were mere little white streaks of light visible only for an instant. Now and then a larger one left a pale trail behind it that we could distinguish for several seconds. About nine o'clock a very bright one shot across the sky from south to east and left a long, pinkish trail. Meteors are much higher and farther off—as Master Kennard had already informed us—than they seem to be; as a rule they come into view from fifty to seventy-five miles above the earth's surface. They are moving with great velocity when they first enter the earth's atmosphere, and it is the resistance of the air that heats and vaporizes most of them long before they reach the ground. Perhaps not one in a million strikes the ground—a most fortunate circumstance for mankind, since in November and August

no one's head or house would be safe for an instant if they all fell through to the earth.

Barring errors of count, we saw between half past seven o'clock and eleven seventeen hundred and forty-six shooting stars; and stars were still falling fast when we rolled up our blankets and went home. Master Kennard thought that the shower was not unusual for November. We had intended to remain till midnight, but changed our minds when mist from the lake on the north side of the hill began to rise and obscure the sky.

On our way down and when we were nearly back to the village Otis Berry suddenly discovered that he had lost his watch, an extra good one that his father had given him on his fifteenth birthday.

"It must have slid out of my pocket and got unhooked while I was lying up there on the ground!" he exclaimed. "I wouldn't lose it for anything! I'm going back to find it."

Hiram Sewell, Jeff Bradford, my cousin Addison and I offered to go back with him.

"Mind you don't step on it there in the dry grass," Master Kennard cautioned us.

The four of us went back with Otis and searched and searched. We found the spot where he had lain in his group and, lighting matches, looked and felt in the grass. In fact we searched the entire place over, creeping to and fro and feeling every inch of the ground, not once, but half a dozen times. We even held our ears to the ground, hoping to hear the tick. Apparently no watch was there, and after as much as an hour we gave up and started for home. As a matter of fact Otis's watch was rolled up in the blanket that he had carried, and he found it there the next morning.

As we were all descending the long hill—it must have been close to one o'clock—we spied a reddish glare in the thickening mist off to the east. It was like the glare of a fire, but it was halfway up the sky.

"What's that?" Jeff exclaimed.

All five of us stopped short. It had been dark, but the ruddy light shone on our faces

and became brighter momentarily. What looked like a huge glowing red coal was off there in the east and seemed to be descending toward us, a truly terrible object! For now we could hear it sizzling and spluttering. We could hear faint explosions too like distant cannon shots, and we saw what looked like red sparks darting out from the fiery mass. The village below us and in fact the whole country were lighted by it. Old Streaked and Singepoll mountains came out in plain view. The sizzling noises and the explosions became louder every second, and the great ball grew dazzlingly brighter. It looked as large as the sun on a smoky morning.

"It's coming here!" whispered Otis, awe-struck.

Suddenly the thing appeared to pause, flare out and, shooting abruptly downward, disappear over the wooded hills beyond the village. In an instant we were in darkness and mist again, but as we stood there, somewhat dazed, we heard a loud explosion, and I at least felt a distinct tremor of the earth.

"Great Scott! That was a meteor, I suppose!" Jeff exclaimed. "But wasn't it a big one!"

"An awful one, I should call it!" Hiram muttered. "I thought it was going to hit us!"

"Must have been fearful hot," Otis said.

"How it sizzled!"

"Now, that fell not such a great way off," said Addison. "We heard it plain. It must have come down this side of old Streaked Mountain, for I saw the mountain behind it."

Otis believed it fell not farther away than Turkey Hill, a mile beyond the academy.

When we reached the village we found as many as fifty people out in the street; Master Kennard was among them. The glare and the final explosion had waked nearly everyone in the place, though few had seen the meteor. Several persons thought that robbers had blown open the safe at the savings bank!

"Beyond doubt it was a large meteor," Master Kennard said when we described what we had seen. "I only wish that we had all remained on the hill." He was inclined to believe that the meteor had fallen farther away than we supposed. "It is easy to be deceived in such a case," he remarked.

But Addison was positive that it had come down on the near side of Streaked Mountain, seven miles from the village; and, as next day was Saturday, we decided to make an excursion over that way and find the place where it had struck.

The next morning was cloudy, and rain or snow threatened, but Jeff and Hiram came round early to gather a party for the proposed meteor hunt. We young folk from the old squire's place had intended to drive home that day, but we decided to put off going and to join the hunt. Twenty-eight finally gathered for the jaunt. Master Kennard went



It was the heat of the pit, the boiling, bubbling and fuming, that impressed us most



DRAWINGS BY HAROLD SICHTL

with us, and also his young wife, a vivacious woman still in her early twenties. My cousin Theodora, Lucia Scribner, Lutie Hinckley, Esther Millett and Cora Bassett were among the girls who made the trip with us. At first we talked of hiring the village barge, but finally we voted to walk—a decision that many regretted later.

Master Kennard, Jeff, Hiram and Addison led off along the hilly road eastward toward old Streaked; Addison declared that the meteor had fallen directly in line with the lookout tower on the summit ledges. The rest of the party trailed on behind our leaders, who set us a smart pace. The morning was raw and chilly, and brisk exercise was advisable, but there were panting and puffing and frequent petitions to rest a bit from those in the rear.

An hour and a half, however, found us within a mile of the King farm at the foot of old Streaked. Along the upper course of Stony Brook there is a kind of wide vale, mainly of woodland and swamp, though there are a few clearings. Thus far not a soul had we seen astir; but at that point we met a half-grown boy running fast and visibly much excited. Seeing so large a company bearing down upon him, he stopped in astonishment.

"Say, d'ye know the moon fell down last night?" he cried, much out of breath.

"Did it?" Master Kennard asked him, a good deal amused. "Where did it fall?"

"Right over here in Lascomb's bog!" the boy cried. "It come down kerplunk, and there's a hole bigger'n a cellar!"

"How do you know it was the moon?" Jeff asked him.

"Pa says he guesses 'twas," the boy replied. "Anyhow we hain't seen the moon since! Oh, you ought to come and see that hole! It steams like a little o' hog swill!"

"You show us where it is," the master said.

The boy led the way across wet, cleared land and then for half a mile through woods to a boggy tract near the brook. There we came upon ten or a dozen people of the neighborhood, men and women, peering fearfully into a steaming pit in the bog—a pit as much as fifteen feet across and nearly full of soft muck and water that boiled and simmered and sent up bubbles, like a mud geyser.

There could be little doubt that the meteor we had seen had fallen there. Several of the people had either seen or heard it. Little fir trees and a pine bush or two near by were seared yellow. Fresh splinters lying about indicated that a larger tree directly in the course of the falling body had been virtually obliterated. For a distance of twenty yards on every side muck and tussocks of marsh grass had been splattered, and strange-smelling gases were rising.

Some one fetched from the nearest house an axe with which we cut long poles. Then, approaching as near the pit as was safe, the master, Jeff and Addison thrust the poles down into it, hoping to strike the meteor and learn how far it had sunk. They thrust the poles down ten feet in places, but hit nothing solid. How deep the heavy mass of meteoric iron had penetrated we could only guess. Addison thought that it might have gone down thirty or forty feet. It was the heat of the pit, the boiling, bubbling and fuming, that impressed us most. The mass no doubt was white-hot when it struck.

Rain and sleet had now begun to fall, and, as there seemed to be no way of learning anything further, we set off on our homeward walk, which proved slippery and tiresome, particularly for the girls. But all said they were glad they had gone, for, as Theodora expressed it, "The moon doesn't fall every night!"

Addison, Jeff and Master Kennard said they intended to dig the meteor out sometime the following season. In January they visited the place again, on snowshoes. The pit was still steaming, they said, and the snow had melted away round it.

One Saturday near the end of May a party of students drove over there, intending to sound the hole thoroughly. But they accomplished little, for a freshet had washed in rubbish and had flooded the swamp. Excavating the place looked like a difficult undertaking. Master Kennard concluded that to do the job they would need a steam pump and a cofferdam.

On one of Addison's visits home from New Haven three or four years later he went to the spot, but owing to the work of freshets and to the bushes that had recently sprung up he was unable to identify the spot where the pit had been. Even the brook had changed its course through the swamp.

GUARDING OUR COASTS IN PEACE

By Charles A. McAllister, Vice President, American Bureau of Shipping



Coast Guard men answering a distress signal at night

UNCLE SAM maintains a careful watch over the lives of his citizens who whether on pleasure bent or to earn their livelihood go down to the sea in ships. Whereas protecting lives and property on land when they are endangered by the elements is a function of the state and the municipal government, protecting lives and property on the waters is a national matter, for under our Constitution the national government retains control of all navigable waters throughout the country.

The Coast Survey carefully charts the waters; depths at all parts are shown, and rocks and shoals are plainly marked so that all may recognize the dangers lurking under what appear to be calm and placid thoroughfares. To guide vessels safe in and out of harbors or along our coasts the Light-house Service maintains beacons, buoys, lighthouses and lightships to mark all dangerous places. In foggy or in stormy weather when it is almost impossible to see, horns and bells are sounded in such a systematic manner that the careful navigator may grope his way along the coasts in comparative safety.

But in spite of all such safeguards accidents on the water will continue to happen because of carelessness, of incompetency or of causes over which mariners have no control. Then comes to the rescue that highly efficient and long-established corps of men known as the United States Coast Guard. With little ostentation and with all too meagre recognition from the public at large the compact little organization—even now it numbers perhaps fifty-five hundred officers and men—has for more than one hundred and thirty years kept vigilant watch over our shores. It has saved many thousands of lives and untold millions of dollars' worth of property; it well deserves its complimentary name of "The Good Samaritan of the Seas."

Through all the years of its existence the Coast Guard has kept pace with progress. Wherever possible it has made use of modern inventions, and to many of them is owing the high state of efficiency of the force. Radio apparatus has probably been of greater benefit in saving life at sea than any other application of science intended to overcome the bewilderment of space. The Coast Guard cutters were among the first craft to adopt that means of communication, and recently the motor lifeboats that ply from the shores have successfully used wireless telephony. Aviation also is lending a helping hand to the work, and its possibilities are vast.

During the rough winter weather along our Atlantic seaboard scarcely a day passes without some accident either at sea or on the turbulent coast. But think a moment; you

rarely read of any such disaster without reading also the reassuring statement that a Coast Guard cutter or a Coast Guard station crew is on the scene and is lending all assistance possible. In fact, during recent years the force seems always to be present at any accident within one hundred miles of our coast; and even trained seamen frequently marvel how it manages to bring help so promptly.

The system that accomplishes such remarkable results has been carefully planned; it is based on many years of experience. For example, on the Atlantic Coast alone there are nearly two hundred shore stations distributed at points where shipping converges



A CAREFULLY PLANNED SYSTEM

toward large seaports or where years of experience have shown that many accidents occur. Thus on the shore line of Cape Cod there are thirteen stations, many of them in plain sight of one another. By a comprehensive system of coastal telephones all stations are connected with one another, with outlying lighthouses and with naval radio stations. It is now virtually impossible for any shipwreck to occur along our entire seaboard without the ever-watchful Coast Guard men's discerning it. At every large seaport is stationed a cruising cutter, usually a comparatively small craft, but powerful and highly seaworthy. Each cutter is equipped with radio apparatus whereby the faintest call for assistance is picked up night or day, and, since the craft is in readiness at all times, it is soon on the way to help in answer to any call. Frequently the cutters work in conjunction with the crews from the shore stations. If a wreck occurs out of range of the line-throwing guns and in weather too rough for the surfboats, the cutters can often make a rescue by approaching it from seaward.

No succession of accidents are so diverse as those that occur on the water. Owing no doubt to the various types of craft and to the ever-changing conditions of weather, sea and tide two accidents are seldom alike. The Coast Guard men both at sea and along the beach must be most alert and resourceful to cope successfully with the varying problems of relief. No particular drilling will suffice for the many tasks that they encounter; they must be thoroughly trained in handling boats, in navigation and in seamanship, and they must trust to their skill and

judgment to meet and overcome new difficulties as they arise. Each instance of lives or property saved and of assistance rendered by any cutter or station must be reported to the Coast Guard headquarters at Washington. There the terse records are published in an annual report. The following extracts, chosen at random, illustrate some of the minor incidents that are all in the day's work:

Motor boat Peggie unable to enter harbor in gale, stranded in dangerous position; occupants in great peril; rescue effected and boat taken to safety.

Rescued and sent to hospital a woman who had entered the surf to commit suicide.

Str. Lillian and May on fire at dock; flames extinguished before much damage had been done.

Schr. Gwendolen Warren mistook light and stranded; helped make sail and work vessel off; piloted her to Southport, N. C.

Rescued two men whose boat had drifted away leaving them on sand bar in rising tide; boat also recovered.

Str. Cruso out of fuel and unable to make port. Picked up by cutter Manning and towed to Hampton Roads.

Str. Tallac stranded in snowstorm; shot line on board, but unable to set it up readily, so launched boat; landed nine men, balance taken on board cutter; vessel a total loss.

Str. Lake Lesa stranded in fog; station crew ran lines, and cutter pulled vessel aloft.

Str. Lake Deval stranded in fog; seven men reached shore in ship's boat; others landed with beach gear under great difficulties; four men given restorative treatment, and seven succored.

Str. Mystic, boilers disabled at sea, leaving vessel at mercy of gale; fuel and water nearly gone; shot line on board and towed vessel nearly 400 miles to Boston.

Cottages on beach threatened by storm tide; removed a number of women and children to safety and saved several cottages from being swept away.

Schr. Mamie T. stranded in thick weather; took off crew with breeches buoy; gave mate's wife, who was injured and unconscious, restorative treatment and called doctor to attend her; succor and clothing furnished to the nine men rescued.

The foregoing incidents are fairly illustrative of the kind of work performed along the Atlantic Coast, but we must not forget that the Coast Guard patrol extends to all parts of the Gulf Coast, to the shores of the Great Lakes, to the Pacific Coast and even to the shores of far-off Alaska. The few, widely-scattered people who inhabit our northernmost territory know the Coast Guard intimately; to them the annual visits of the cutters mean much indeed. The small villages are widely scattered and have no regular means of communication either with one another or with the States. In some of the more remote settlements one of Uncle Sam's cutters is the only vessel that ever calls throughout the entire year. Missionaries of various denominations have established outposts among the poverty-stricken natives, and those good men must rely on the cutters

RELIEF WORK IN ALASKA



to take them to and from their posts of duty and to keep them supplied with the necessities of life. The Indians and the Eskimos, who depend on hunting and fishing for their livelihood, are frequently reduced almost to starvation. Many have been the occasions when food that the Coast Guard furnished has been the means of tiding those poor people over to another season. Often epidemics of various kinds, such as influenza and measles, break out among the natives, and in more than one instance the government has dispatched a Coast Guard cutter to Alaska in midwinter to furnish supplies and medical aid. The stricken people have no means whatever of helping themselves on such occasions; moreover, their houses are unsanitary and give poor protection against the weather. It can well be imagined what a terrible predicament a scourge such as influenza brings upon them. In 1919, when that epidemic was so rampant in the States, it broke out also in many of the towns and



DRAWINGS BY ARTHUR BARTLETT

villages of Alaska. The cutters Bear and Unalga were at once relieved from other duties and sent to the rescue.

Every man on the ships worked incessantly to relieve the destitute and stricken people. Under the direction of the medical officers the hardy seamen performed all sorts of tasks without thought of personal danger from contagion. They nursed the sick; they distributed food and medicines; they cleaned up the houses; they built fires and buried the dead. For a period of six weeks the officers and men from those two cutters went from village to village, performing their humanitarian duties cheerfully and without



GUARDING AGAINST ICEBERGS

complaint. The result was that they virtually stopped the scourge in those remote places. Their reward was a letter of thanks and congratulation from the Secretary of the Treasury and the natural satisfaction of good men in the sense of duty well performed in the interest of humanity.

The duties of the Coast Guard in times of peace are not confined to coastal waters. One important function is patrolling the waters off the Grand Banks and the transatlantic steamship lanes during the so-called ice season, generally from March to June, when huge icebergs break off from the glaciers on the east coast of Greenland and drift into the paths of the steamships running between American and European ports. Most of us remember the terrible loss of life that occurred in 1912 when the Titanic struck an iceberg and sank. To avoid repetition of such a catastrophe a conference of nations was called at London to devise means for safeguarding ocean travel. In 1914 they signed an important agreement that the United States should patrol the ice-infested waters, and that the expense should be shared by all maritime nations the vessels of which traveled the north Atlantic. Since the agreement two Coast Guard cutters have faithfully and efficiently performed that duty. It is an inspiring example of what a conference of nations can accomplish when it meets for the common good of humanity. One cutter constantly patrols the field of ice as it comes down from Greenland and is turned to the east by the Gulf Stream. At prearranged times during the day the cutter by radio broadcasts information as to the position of the ice and particularly of any large bergs that may be in the steamer lanes or dangerously near them. One cutter stays out on the Banks for a fifteen-day period; then the other relieves it. If we take into account the time necessary to go back and forth, we see that each vessel has about one week out of a month at her base of supplies. The patrol continues throughout April and May and until the last of June, when usually the danger from ice is over. As heavy fogs prevail for a great deal of the time, the danger of the patrol cutter's colliding with the bergs she is seeking is ever present; so the fifteen-day periods are times of constant watchfulness and anxiety.

Both on the Atlantic and on the Pacific Coast large fleets of small craft go far out to sea to fish. The sturdy men who man those small boats often meet with accidents and occasionally are stricken with ailments that baffle the usual home remedies. As fishing boats cannot afford to carry physicians, the government now sends Coast Guard cutters, whenever they are available, to accompany the fleets. On board the cutters small hospitals are fitted up and put in charge of public health surgeons. And if any of the fishing craft get into trouble and need help, the cutters are there to give it.

One of the most important things in guarding our coasts—a thing that is entrusted entirely to the Coast Guard—is destroying vessels that through accident either have been abandoned and are drifting aimlessly in the paths of commerce or have sunk in such shallow waters that the masts and sometimes the hulls obstruct navigation. Derelicts—particularly the wooden craft that had become dismantled and were floating hither and thither guided only by the winds and currents—were for many years a source of anxiety to seafaring men of all nationalities. As derelicts lie low in the water and of course have no lights or signals to warn approaching craft, the masters of ships plying regions where one of them had been

reported were in a constant state of apprehension at night and in foggy weather; for to crash into the hidden hulk might mean the loss of their ships.

The great majority of floating derelicts originate along our own coasts, usually in the vicinity of Cape Hatteras. They are as a rule large wooden schooners, laden with lumber, coming from Southern ports. In the winter months the violent squalls that frequently strike the schooners sometimes carry away their masts and make them helpless. The crews take to the lifeboats, and passing vessels usually pick them up; but the dismantled hulls, laden with a cargo that keeps them afloat, get into the Gulf Stream and unless apprehended follow its course; some have been known to drift across into European waters. A lumber-laden craft abandoned at sea is most difficult to destroy. If it is blown to pieces by shells or mines, the large sticks of lumber are liberated, drift about and increase the original danger. Hence a cutter that finds such a derelict usually manages in spite of all sorts of difficulties to tow it to the nearest port. There it turns the wreck over to the shipowners; and in many instances the old hulk is reconditioned and put back into trade. Though by far the greater number of derelicts are of wood, there are occasionally iron or steel vessels that have been abandoned and have become "ocean hobos."

Hunting for floating derelicts on the bosom of the deep is much like searching for a needle in a haystack. Usually derelicts are so low in the water that only the keenest eye can detect them for a distance of more than three or four miles. When we consider the vastness of the ocean it is really a fine feat to find one of the wanderers. The radio has proved of inestimable value to the cutters in the search, for, if a passing vessel discerns a derelict, the master immediately sends out the news; he knows that somewhere one of the vigilant patrol boats is searching. From years of experience Coast Guard officers have learned how floating objects are likely to drift and have worked out efficient systems of search.

Destroying or removing sunken derelicts is not so hard. Having learned the position of a wreck, the cutter proceeds at once to the place and, since some part of the craft usually protrudes above the water, finds it at once. Arriving alongside, the cutter lowers its small boats if the weather permits, and the crew place on the wreck mines of T. N. T. much like those used in warfare. Having attached long wires, the small boats remove to a safe distance and touch off the high explosives. Sometimes five or six mines are necessary to demolish the wreck and to obliterate dangers to navigation. Even for the hardy men who do the work, setting off mines in an open boat bobbing round in a rough sea, frequently with hands that are benumbed by the freezing weather, is no light pastime. The safe handling of high explosives is no sinecure on land, but for more than fifteen years the Coast Guard men engaged in the hazardous duty along our coasts under the most trying conditions have had no accident.

Destroying derelicts is an international duty, for the vessels of all nations share the common danger that arises from these hulks. An agreement was made at the London conference on safety at sea, in 1914, that all maritime nations interested should share in the cost of getting rid of them, but the Great War intervened, and such an arrangement has not yet been established. Through the Coast Guard the United States, leader in all efforts for the general welfare on land and sea, has in good faith carried on the humanitarian work thus far at its own expense.

There are other duties performed by the busy service in times of peace; in fact any task on the water for the good of mankind falls logically to the trained men of the Coast



THE EMERGENCY SERVICE

Guard, and they are never found lacking. The beneficent deeds that they perform yearly are legion and are not all recorded by any means. Few of the duties are what might be classified as routine. The work might well be termed an emergency service, for nearly all that it does has to do with the accidents that result from conflicts of

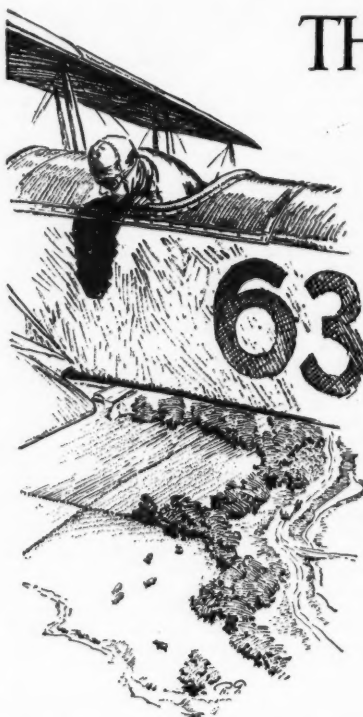
man with the elements. At any time some unit of the Coast Guard may be busy with rescue work that transcends the ordinary; indeed, each year adds a number of such cases to the splendid history of the organization.

One of the outstanding instances of the kind in recent years is the rescue of the crew of the steamer H. E. Runnels on the stormy coast of Lake Superior in November, 1919. The lake vessel was making a final trip from Buffalo to Duluth at the close of the season. As the weather was threatening she had put into the harbor of Grand Marais for safety. The weather abated somewhat, and she had again started out when about eight miles from port a sixty-mile gale accompanied by blinding snow struck her. Turning back, she tried to get into the harbor, but she missed the opening and was dashed broadside on the rocky shore. The crew of the near-by Coast Guard station shot a line across the wreck. The temperature was down to eighteen degrees, and the ship was soon covered with ice. The life line became so coated with it as to make the breeches buoy useless. There was no time to lose, for the vessel was beginning to break up in the terrible sea. Although it seemed hopeless, the Coast Guard men launched one of the surfboats and hauled it off to the wreck by means of lines secured to the life line already fastened to the wreck. Arriving alongside by almost Herculean efforts, the Coast Guard men had the shipwrecked men slide down a whip line into the wildly tossing surfboat. After the most desperate and thrilling efforts they took four men ashore on the first trip. Three of

the boat's crew were overcome with fatigue and the terrible cold and had to be replaced by three fresh men. On the next trip six of the steamer's crew were landed, and on the third trip five more. The captain and the chief engineer were the last on the wreck; their rescue was accomplished only by tying life lines to them and hauling them into the lifeboat after they had jumped overboard. In all the Coast Guard rescued seventeen men from what seemed certain death. The rescuers performed their gallant feat in snow so blinding that they could hardly see, with clothing covered with ice and with bleeding hands. Nearly all of them had to have restorative treatment after the terrible experience.

The service records teem with such feats as that, performed in times of peace. In war the Coast Guard, which at all times is trained in military drill and is hardened to exposure from the very nature of its peace-time duties, automatically becomes a part of the navy. That the doughty little organization lost a higher percentage of its officers and men killed than any other branch of the service is striking evidence of the share it took in the Great War.

A former Secretary of the Treasury, who came from the interior, and who consequently knew little of the activities of the Coast Guard until he found himself in intimate contact with it, was so impressed with its wonderful work that with tears of emotion in his eyes he said at the conclusion of an address before a public gathering: "My friends, wherever you see the Coast Guard flag flying take off your hats to it!"



THE ROOKIE

By Mather Brooks

time a full-fledged mechanic. Then he could work on the aeroplanes—fascinating things to him!—to his heart's content. He bent his back to his task and threw out countless shovelfuls of the black Illinois soil.

Presently the sergeant called him up for a short rest, and another man took his place. Chandler again turned his attention to the machine; its motor was idling now, and the blocks would soon be removed. Then the machine would slip gracefully across the field and into the air. He knew that the flight was to be short, just long enough to test the radio set.

The boy enviously watched the mechanic duck confidently under the wing and, keeping a respectful distance from the slowly revolving propeller, kick out the blocks from under the left wheel. Then he came round to the right side and reached for the other block.

Chandler noticed the little air-driven generator of the radio set, which was clamped to the right strut of the landing gear. Although the motor was only idling, the small air fan was whirling swiftly under the impetus of the air driven back by the propeller. The fan looked like a gleaming silver disk eighteen inches in diameter.

As Chandler stood there watching, the mechanic stepped on a small stone and slipped just as he was reaching down for the block in front of the right wheel. His head dropped. Chandler waved his hands wildly and yelled at the top of his voice.

The pilot, sitting in the cockpit of the plane, immediately cut the ignition switches and stopped the motor almost instantly. It was well that he did, for the mechanic's head had touched the air-fan disk. The metal blades, whirling more than two thousand times a minute, had cut through his leather helmet, and he had narrowly escaped a gash in his forehead. The man stumbled outward and was struck by the propeller as it made its last revolution before coming to rest. It was just a glancing blow, but it was enough to stretch him senseless on the ground. Had the motor been running, the blow would have killed him.

When the injured man was on his way to the hospital the pilot looked at his watch and whistled. "Whew!" he said. "I've got to test this set somehow this afternoon, and it's getting late. I hardly know where I can find another man who can run this radio."

Chandler drew a long breath. "Won't I do, sir?" he asked.

The officer surveyed him with interest. "Know anything about radio?" he said.

LEANING on a shovel, the "rookie" stood by the door of the hangar and looked longingly at the trim aeroplane that was straining at the blocks a few feet away preparatory to taking the air. The smooth, continuous roar of its perfectly running motor, though almost deafening, was to him sweet music; he loved the sound.

"Wish I were going along," he said to himself. Well he knew, however, that the recruits in the air service saw little of the aeroplanes until they had received much training in mechanical work.

Shaking his head, the rookie—his name was Richard Chandler, and he was eighteen years old and three weeks off the farm—shouldered his shovel and, stepping over to a small excavation a short distance from the side of the hangar, resumed his digging. He was one of a detail of four men who were preparing the foundation of a gasoline and oil storage house. His back ached, his hands smarted, and rebellion smoldered in his soul. His three weeks in the air service had been one round of continuous digging. However, Chandler was philosophical; he knew that soon he would enter the doors of the big school of mechanics at the end of the field and would emerge therefrom in due

"Yes, sir; quite a little. I've built my own set." The rookie spoke with pride.

"Know the code?"

"Yes, sir; I can do eighteen words a minute, sending or receiving."

"All right," said the officer suddenly. "Let's go."

Chandler was ready in less than a minute. From somewhere about his person he produced a homemade helmet and a battered set of goggles. He believed in preparedness! Then he climbed into the cockpit.

The officer briefly explained the rookie's duties. They were simple enough. At a signal he was to throw over a switch, putting the set into action, and slowly send the call letters of the field station. The pilot would read the signal panels on the ground and would tell him what to do next.

A trifle white of face but immensely thrilled, Chandler sat in the rear seat of the plane as it "taxied" out on the field. He wondered whether the pilot, who was looking unconcernedly round as the machine jolted along, weren't neglecting his business somewhat. But whether the pilot were heedless or not, the rookie wouldn't have changed places with the King of England.

Then the motor roared, and the jolting increased. The rush of wind threatened to blow the boy out of the cockpit. The fence at the far end of the field came closer with a breath-taking rush, and Chandler began to speculate just where they would hit. Then his heart thumped violently, and his stomach felt queer. The machine had banked and was shooting almost vertically upward in a steep climb. It seemed as if some mysterious force had suddenly pushed the world out of place. For a few seconds Chandler was scared. Then the head and shoulders of the pilot reassured him; the man was chewing gum as contentedly as if he were seated on a veranda. His left arm was resting on the side of the cockpit, and his fingers were drumming a leisurely tattoo.

After a while Chandler decided that all must be well, and, holding his goggles carefully to his head, for the elastic band was of poor material, he ventured to glance over the side. Again his stomach felt queer. The ground seemed miles and miles below. Some one had turned it round too, and, although it was late afternoon, the sun was in the east! Finally he saw the red roofs of the hangars; they looked like postage stamps. The rumbling bellow of the motor no longer seemed raucous and out of place, and the sensation of speed was not noticeable; yet the rookie's unaccustomed neck was stiff with the effort of holding his head against the air blast.

Again he looked over the side, this time with more confidence. The ground, tinted with all of the warm colors of spring, was a perfect map, infinitely more wonderful than anything ever drawn by man. The rookie was at last enjoying himself!

But at three thousand feet the plane struck an area of churned-up air beneath a cloud and in spite of its forty feet of wing spread it was tossed about like a handball on a busy court. Once more Chandler had that queer feeling in his stomach. At the same time his eyeballs began to ache. Bucking and bobbing, the aeroplane continued on its way.

Chandler groped dizzily for the edge of the cockpit and put his head down. Below spread that wonderful tinted map, but the rookie wasn't interested now. He was sick, sick, sick!

There came a lull during which Chandler, with his head feeling large and heavy, stole a glance at the head and shoulders in front of him. Why, what was wrong? The head and shoulders were oddly tense, and the pilot's neck, where it showed below the edge of the close-fitting helmet, was white instead of ruddy. Then Chandler saw something that made him catch his breath. Ahead, streaming from the right side of the motor, was a line of blackish smoke.

The pilot turned; in his hand he held a small fire extinguisher. The sound of the motor died away as he cut off the ignition. "Can you hold the plane steady?" yelled the officer. "I've got to put out that fire."

Fire! The most deadly enemy of the airman was upon them. Chandler's stomach, which had begun to feel a little better, suddenly began to feel worse. But he gritted his teeth. He knew that he could not have held a card steady, much less control an aeroplane on his first ride. He slowly shook his head. No, he could not do it.

But Richard Chandler had that priceless gift known as common sense. If he couldn't hold the plane steady, he could do something else. He glanced from the stream of smoke to the little fire extinguisher in the pilot's hand. "I'll put it out!" he yelled.

He tried to stand up, but the safety belt pulled him back into his seat. He jerked the catch loose and, reaching forward, grabbed the extinguisher. Then he started toward the fire. Dizzy and weak as he was, he moved only with the greatest effort. The back rush of the wind seemed to tug at his body with a thousand fingers. It was all that he could do to keep from losing his hold. But somehow he went on.

Clinging to the wires, he jerked his way to the edge of the wing and at last reached the motor. With his arm hooked round a convenient bracing wire, he attacked the stream of black smoke, pumping the handle of the extinguisher spasmodically. Once he inhaled some of the choking smoke, and for a few moments he had to stop and hold on with both hands. Then, summoning all of his fortitude, he finished emptying the contents of the extinguisher on the side of the motor that the smoke was coming from. He hardly noticed that his efforts had caused the smoke to abate.

As he started back to the rear seat he doubted at times whether he should ever reach it, it seemed so far away. When finally he arrived at the sheltered circle of the cockpit he slumped into it. Things swirled about him; then all was black.

When Chandler was safe in his seat the pilot side-slipped the plane straight down for eighteen hundred feet. And when he finally made a bumpy landing on the edge of the field he thanked his lucky stars that he was down and unburned.

As the machine stopped the pilot leaped to the ground and began hastily to examine the motor. Then he laughed. The fire that had frightened him so much was nothing but a leaky oil lead that had sprayed a stream of hot oil on the nearly red-hot exhaust manifold; the oil naturally had changed into black smoke. However, the rookie's work with the extinguisher had washed away a great deal of the oil and had prevented what might have been a real fire.

Two mechanics came out from the hangar and cranked the plane, and the pilot "taxied" quietly in.

"Help this man out, two of you fellows," he called after he had stopped the motor. "He's pretty sick."

The flight sergeant and two of the crew obeyed. The sergeant jeered loudly when he noticed Chandler's face, but he stopped abruptly as the pilot spoke.

"Shut up!" said the officer. "He's a rookie, all right, but he had more honest-to-goodness nerve than lots of old soldiers that I know real well have. The air service needs a good many more like him."

Summoning all of his fortitude, he finished emptying the contents of the extinguisher



The Dish

That children count the finest of all breakfast dainties

Quaker Puffed Rice is toasted rice grains puffed to 8 times normal size. Each grain is an airy globule, fragile as a snowflake, as flavory as nuts. The food cells are broken for easy digestion.

Homes never serve a breakfast dainty so ideal, so delicious. Each grain is a confection.

Then blend in every dish of fruit. Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children after school. Use like nut-meats on ice cream—also in candy making.

Invented by Professor Anderson, to fit all elements to feed, and to bring new delights to children.

Let no day pass without the joys of Quaker Puffed Rice in some form.



At Night

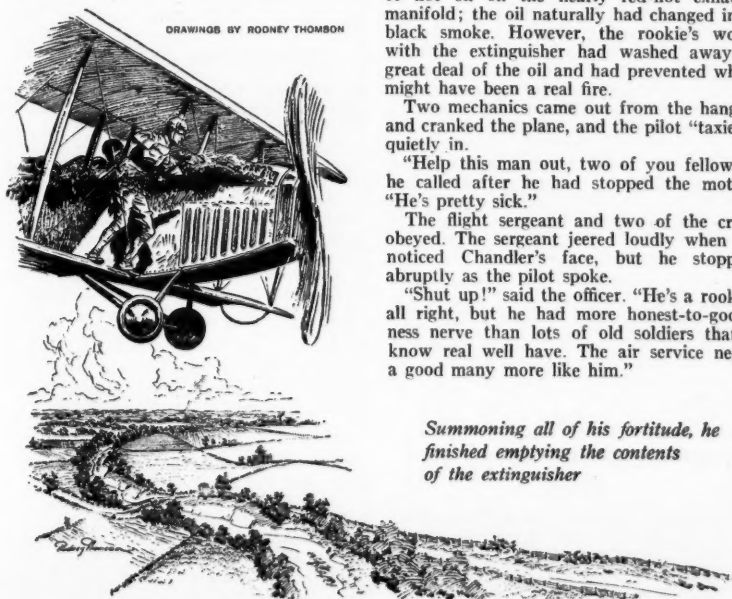
Whole wheat steam exploded

In every grain of Quaker Puffed Wheat we create over 125 million steam explosions. Thus the food cells are broken so the whole-grain elements can feed.

Serve in bowls of milk for supper or at bedtime. Whole wheat supplies 12 minerals which growing children must have. Also their need of bran. Milk provides the vitamins.

Make these essentials tempting by serving in this delightful way.

The Quaker Oats Company





Hoher Markt, Vienna
After an etching by Luigi Kasimir

FACT AND COMMENT

A MAN THAT WASTES no words seldom wastes anything else.

When Something's Wrong don't call it Right
For fear of seeming Impolite.

A FOOLISH MOTHER can suggest mischief her son never dreamed of, by the questions she asks him.

LAST YEAR the total value of poultry products in the United States was \$884,000,000, about as much as the total value of the wheat crop. Perhaps that is nothing to crow about, but it does suggest a busy farmer's wife and a vast amount of determined hope.

AÉRIAL TRAVEL IN EUROPE is more popular than in this country. It is said that seventy planes are in operation between France and the northern coast towns of Africa. In one day the same pilot in an aerial taxi carried passengers from London to Manchester and back and then from London to Amsterdam and back. In all he flew about one thousand miles.

SINCE SEVERAL COUNTRIES in Europe quote their paper-money circulation in trillions it may be interesting to try to grasp what a trillion is. Some experts in the Treasury at Washington can count four thousand silver dollars an hour. Such an expert working eight hours a day would need a hundred years to count a billion dollars. A thousand experts would need one hundred years to count a trillion.

FRENCH AFRICA south of the Sahara is now raising wheat and cotton. Three years ago this section imported its flour, but there are now flour mills at Timbuktu and Kati, and as soon as irrigation works being built along the Niger are completed there will be crops for export. The French also plan meat packing and refrigerating plants with a capacity of sixty-five thousand tons of chilled meat and packed provisions a year.

WASHINGTON'S SOLDIERS pitched horse-shoes to while away idle hours in camp, and before the days of concrete roads and automobiles almost every village blacksmith's shop had close beside it a pitching place where the men could gather for a sociable hour after supper. The revival of the old game in the community playgrounds all over the country is an interesting sign of the times. In a highly sophisticated age is it not curious to see this simplest form of sport becoming popular again?

BY-PRODUCT COKE, in small sizes, is a good substitute for anthracite. As it is made from bituminous coal and the bituminous coal beds are very extensive, it seems possible eventually to provide this form of fuel for virtually the whole country. The chief by-products that are obtained in the coking process are gas, light oils, ammonia and tar. The Bureau of Mines calls attention to recent tests in which it found that in heating seven-room or eight-room houses coke is quite as efficacious as anthracite.

SOME PEOPLE LIKE TO IMAGINE how rich they would be today if one of their ancestors had owned a farm on Manhattan Island and the succeeding generations had been shrewd enough not to sell it. Yet have

they stopped to think that the few dollars that the island of Manhattan cost the Dutch settlers, if they could have been put to compound interest at six and a half per cent, would now equal the assessed value of all the realty in New York City? In three hundred years twenty-five dollars grows to a princely fortune,—even at a smaller rate of interest,—if only the money can be kept at work.

THE PRESIDENTIAL SUCCESSION

MR. COOLIDGE is the sixth elected Vice President to succeed to the highest office on the death of a President. On three occasions the vacancy resulted from natural causes; three times assassination opened the way to the succession.

When, upon the death of William Henry Harrison, only a month after he had entered upon office, John Tyler took the oath a controversy arose as to his official status. Some of his associates in the government asserted that he was not President, but only acting as President. Tyler maintained his claim to the full honor; the controversy died out and has never been renewed.

Important political consequences have more than once ensued upon the change wrought by death, particularly when Tyler succeeded Harrison, and again when Johnson followed Lincoln. In both instances the party that had been victorious in the elections made a serious mistake and had to suffer the penalty. Tyler acted with the Whigs only because he was personally opposed to Jackson, and when he became President he thwarted the efforts and the policies of those who had elected him, to the utmost of his power. Again, Johnson was not a Republican but an "old-line" Democrat who was put upon the ticket with Lincoln by way of recognizing the scattering Union sentiment in the South. He quickly reverted to his old associations and fought his late supporters even more persistently than Tyler had done.

On the other hand, Fillmore was a far better party man than General Taylor, who had never been in politics, and whose opinions were unknown to those who nominated and elected him. Accordingly Fillmore had no trouble with his Whig associates. Arthur was a "stalwart" Republican, belonging to a different wing of his party from Garfield, but he did nothing to aggravate party quarrels and gave the country a dignified administration. Roosevelt was Roosevelt—more energetic and more masterful than McKinley, whom he succeeded, and a thorough party man. Now we have Coolidge—a strict Republican like Harding, but a man of quite different temperament. The country is waiting hopefully to see of what stuff, intellectual, moral and political, he is made.

The sad event that has made Calvin Coolidge President warns us once more that it is almost as important to choose the best possible candidate for the vice presidency as it is to select the right man for the head of the ticket. Everyone agrees, before the convention meets, that that is so, but when the time for action comes the universally accepted principle is too often forgotten.

COMING UP OUT OF THE DEPTHS

FIVE years ago Austria was in the most desperate situation of any state in Europe. Reduced by the partition of its empire to a country of some six million people, with no outlet to the sea, and surrounded by peoples that ought to be economically bound to it, but were politically hostile, impoverished by the war and humiliated by defeat, things looked exceedingly black for Austria. All sorts of direful prophecies were made concerning Vienna, a great imperial capital now reduced to being the centre of a petty state that was quite inadequate to support the population and the commercial and social structure of the city.

Austria and Vienna have had their dismal days; they have not won clear of them yet. There have been suffering and starvation there. The money of Austria for a long time was worth less than the money of Germany or even of Russia. The rich and noble families of Vienna are reduced to poverty, the intellectual and professional classes to penury. Even today the most fortunate of the educated men of Vienna, whether professor, musician, scientific man or physician, gets only the equivalent of forty dollars a month, which does not mean very much more there than in the United States. Their condition is considerably worse than that of the workingmen.

But those who come back from Vienna tell us that things are improving. The League of Nations has done an excellent piece of work in taking charge of the Austrian finances. The control of such matters is in the hands of an able and honest Dutch financier named Zimmermann. The value of the krone has been successfully fixed; it has not varied for six months. An international loan to put the government on its feet has been oversubscribed in England, Italy, Holland, France and the United States. Business is lifting up its head, and commercial agreements are being made with the neighboring countries. Promising hydroelectric projects are under way. The people you meet are once more cheerful and smiling; they are beginning to hope. Vienna is perking up and showing a disposition to regain its reputation as the gayest and most light-hearted of European cities.

The contrast between the situation in Austria and that in Germany is noteworthy. Germany with ten times the wealth and resources of Austria is in a much more sullen mood and a much more dangerous financial and political case. That is because the Austrians have accepted the results of the war and set themselves to make the best of their position. But the Germans are still fighting—and suffering, as the fighter against odds must always suffer. The Austrians are unambitious; they ask only the chance to live gayly and sunnily once more. The Germans have tasted of power and retain the taste for it. It is revenge, dominion, wealth that they desire. Now, as before the war, the two branches of the German race display very dissimilar characteristics.

STARS

IT was a charming fancy of the old Greeks to place heroic and beautiful spirits among the heavenly bodies, to transform and transfigure noble souls to the glorious and superiminent permanence of the all-enfolding sky, whence they could keep watch over the struggles and passions of frail mortality. As Shakespeare puts it, in his magnificent language,

The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are
worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Something about the eternal renewal of the starry canopy gives always the impression of unwinking, imperishable eyes, beholding all we do and all we hope.

It was probably this universal vision of the heavenly bodies, coupled with their unalterable regularity of motion, that suggested the idea of their government of earthly affairs. Whatever the cause, there is no doubt of the hold of astrology upon the imagination of the past, and it is not altogether dead yet. The vast and quiet certainty of the planetary changes seemed to involve the destiny of man in their complicated movements; and he who could disentangle such a mysterious labyrinth must surely have his finger on the dark and hidden workings of mortal fate.

We are merely the stars' tennis balls, struck
and banded
Which way we please them.

But for most of us these fantastic considerations are insignificant beside the mere beauty of the night sky set thick with crowding constellations. To be sure, as with other common things, we are too apt to forget. Whistler was in a perverse mood one day, and when some one suggested the beauty of the stars he murmured discontentedly, "There's too many of 'em." But come out of a hot theatre, or a thronged ballroom, or a noisy club, on a winter night, and look up, and think and feel: there is nothing in the world equal to it. Then you understand what Keats meant when he spoke of

Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars.
Earnest stars! The stars may be lifeless, material, passionless themselves; but assuredly the sight of them makes the human soul earnest with all the questions and doubts and wonderings, with all the past and future, of mortality.

CHRISTIANITY HAS NEVER BEEN TRIED

THE sores left by the Great War are long in healing. Old racial hatreds keep them open and inflamed. Heavy taxes and the difficulty of finding the means to live in decent comfort are a constant source of fret

and resentment. People everywhere are longing for peace, for rest, for tranquillity, and are blindly striking out at this, that and the other fancied cause of their troubles. It is not to be wondered at, perhaps, that a cynical observer of this universal state of bewildered discouragement should have been prompted to exclaim, with an air of finality: "Christianity is a failure!" And many a true Christian, shocked as he was by the charge, felt almost like apologizing for his faith, so little are the evidences of Christ's teaching manifest in men's political and social relations with one another. But the answer, when it came, was far from an apology; it was a challenge: "Christianity a failure? Why, it has never been tried yet!"

If it was G. K. Chesterton, that brilliant juggler with paradox who uttered the challenge, he never said a truer thing. For, if we are honest with ourselves, we must confess that it is not Christianity that is at fault but our own willful neglect to make a trial of it, not only in our intimate, personal affairs, but for the healing of the nations. Christendom has tried everything else; it has experimented with all sorts of utopian schemes to make the world a better place to live in; but it has never made a serious attempt to apply to the solution of great human problems the rock-bottom principles of the Christian gospel. Was it not some such thought that President Harding had in mind when he said, in the course of one of his last public addresses, "I tell you, my countrymen, the world needs more of the Christ, . . . and if we could bring into the relationships of humanity, among ourselves and among the nations of the world, the brotherhood that was taught by the Christ, we should have a restored world?"

If President Harding had intended this to be his farewell message to his countrymen, could he have spoken more truthfully, more earnestly? Could he have given finer expression to the deep convictions that seem to have guided him during his brief term in the White House?

One difficulty about our doing what President Harding urged upon us is that almost always as nations, and too often as individuals, we leave our Christianity at the church door, like a stole or a surplice, and never think that we can make use of it in the market place or in the legislature or in the cabinet. Those who hold responsible places in government profess themselves willing, even eager, to try Christianity if the well-armed and truculent brother across the border will set the example, but always there is mistrust on one side or the other; a constant manoeuvring for a position of tactical advantage. The notion of applying the principles of Christianity to a difficult situation is put off till a more convenient season. And yet the unfortified border between the United States and Canada is testimony to a successful experiment in applied Christianity. The canceling of Chinese indemnities by the United States after the Boxer rebellion is another.

Probably we must reconcile ourselves to making progress slowly, advancing from precedent to precedent, first of all following Christ's teaching in our individual lives; for we can hardly expect our governments to be more enlightened than we who establish and maintain them.

THE OREGON SCHOOL LAW

SOONER or later, and probably before very long, the Supreme Court will be called upon to decide upon a very interesting and important question—namely, the constitutionality of the Oregon school law. That law, "initiated" by a sufficient number of citizens, and accepted by the voters at the election last November, provides that all children between the ages of eight and sixteen, except those who have already completed the studies of the eighth grade, shall be obliged to attend a public school. The only exception is in case of physical disability, when children may be taught at home. The law is not to go into effect until January, 1926. If its legality is upheld by the courts, every private and every parochial school in the state must then be closed.

Those who supported the law argued that schools conducted by a single church inevitably tend to create and perpetuate social and political division along religious lines, and that private schools, usually patronized by well-to-do people, tend quite as inevitably to snobbishness and the fixing of social classes on the basis of comparative wealth. They declared that the public school is the

necessary agent in fusing those of every race and religion into a united democracy.

Those who believe the law is a bad one say that parents have an inalienable right to direct the education of their children in the way they think best, provided they satisfy certain fundamental requirements; and they declare that the statute invades private rights that are guaranteed by the Constitution. That is the question which must eventually come before the Supreme Court, and when it is presented there the whole nation will await the court's decision with eager interest. It is said that movements for similar laws in other Far Western states will be pushed if the Oregon law is found to be constitutional, and it is possible that they might succeed in some of the states east of the Mississippi. The question must always be dealt with locally, through nonpartisan methods, for it is not conceivable that either of the great political parties would take a position on it that would encourage a division of the voters according to their religious beliefs. Here in America we have always tried to keep our theological differences out of our party politics. When we fail to do so there will be danger ahead.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

A MATTER of real importance to all the wide circle of readers of *The Companion* is the announcement of a new serial by

C. A. Stephens

that will begin in next week's issue. In the simple and fascinating style of which he is a master the long-time favorite among *Companion* storytellers has written this tale, which he has called

Precious Platinum

In it he relates the thrilling adventures and the ingenious resourcefulness of two young Americans in eastern Russia after the revolution.

CURRENT EVENTS

The cleavage between England and France in regard to the Ruhr problem was sharply accentuated by the publication of the British note to the French government dated August 11. In that note Lord Curzon criticized France for seeking at the expense of its allies a more favorable position than that to which it was entitled by the existing agreements; he called attention to the heavy financial burdens that Great Britain is carrying, and pointed out that it alone among the Allies was paying interest on debts incurred abroad during the war—the reference being to interest payments on the British debt to the United States; he insisted that an inquiry into Germany's capacity to pay should be made by impartial experts; and he questioned the legality of the French and Belgian occupation of the Ruhr. The effect in France of these criticisms was inflammatory: the French newspapers commented on the note in hostile terms. They especially resented the attack on the legality of the Ruhr occupation, and they intimated that if England was hard pressed financially the British government was to blame for having precipitately arranged for interest payments on its debt to America.

COINCIDENT with the publication of the British note was the appearance of a French "yellow book," containing telegrams and letters from M. Poincaré dealing with the Ruhr situation. In one of those documents M. Poincaré asserted that the problem of the interallied debts prevented France from fixing the amount of the German reparations, and that the solution of this problem is in the hands of England and the United States. He said plainly that, if the interallied debts were canceled or scaled down, it would be possible for France to compromise on the occupation of the Ruhr and on the amount of reparations. "It is even probable," wrote M. Poincaré, "that definitive proposals cannot

be made to Germany until it has been ascertained from the American government what it intends to do."

THE fall of the Cuno government in Germany was attended by considerable disorder and bloodshed. Food riots took place in various parts of the country and undoubtedly had a political complexion. The new cabinet, which was speedily organized, contains four Socialist members. Stresemann, the new chancellor, in addressing the Reichstag, said that Germany required complete restoration of its rights in the occupied territory and also the release of Germans imprisoned by the French as conditions for the cessation of passive resistance. It is extremely unlikely that the French will consent to such conditions. Nevertheless, there is a general feeling, even among the French, that the change in administration in Germany is likely to advance the prospects of a settlement.

SIXTEEN governments, including that of the United States, have joined in presenting a note to the Chinese Foreign Office, demanding damages for the railway outrage last May when brigands held up a train in Shantung and kidnaped and kept as prisoners a number of travelers from foreign countries. Besides demanding damages, the powers signing the note commented on the inadequacy of the suppression measures employed in the brigand-ridden provinces and called for the punishment of three high officials who are held chiefly responsible for the outrage.

SECRETARY OF LABOR DAVIS has returned from Europe convinced that American consuls abroad must inaugurate a system of careful selection of prospective immigrants into the United States. Some European countries, he thinks, regard America as a dumping ground for their undesirables. The introduction of a selective method to be applied before the prospective immigrants sail would be not only advantageous to this country but a humane measure, as it would prevent the turning back of applicants for admission after they had reached our gates. There are a good many thousand of these unfortunates sent back to Europe every year.

WITHIN a week the English Channel was twice crossed by swimmers. Henry F. Sullivan of Lowell, Massachusetts, swam from Dover to Calais in 26 hours and 50 minutes. Enrique Tirabocchi, an Argentine, swam from Cape Gris-Nez, France, to Dover, in 16 hours and 33 minutes. Only two other men, both Englishmen, have ever swum the Channel—Capt. Matthew Webb, in 1875, and Thomas W. Burgess, in 1911. Of the four successful swimmers Tirabocchi made the best time by about five hours.

JACINTO BENAVENTE, the Spanish playwright who has received the Nobel prize for literature, announces that he will henceforth write exclusively for the people of the United States. He allows it to be understood that he has received overtures from Latin-American countries, from France and from Italy, but that he has rejected them all on account of his regard for us. As for his native country, he finds the difficulties of production and the harshness of the critics so discouraging that he has no longer any desire to write for a Spanish audience. Señor Benavente probably chafes not only at being without his full meed of honor in his own country but also at the spectacle of his compatriot Señor Ibanez's success in turning out some of America's "best sellers."

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE lost no time in taking steps to avoid the danger of a strike in the anthracite coal region. Hardly had he returned from the funeral of President Harding when he summoned the representatives of the miners and the operators to meet the United States Coal Commission in New York and adjust their differences. Meanwhile plans for permanently boycotting anthracite coal, if a strike is called, were being made in the New England States, which consume one fifth of the domestic anthracite supply. Unquestionably such action by the consuming public, if successfully carried through, would be more effective in "outlawing" strikes than any action of the national government could be.



Every idle stream or waterfall that is put to work, and furnishes light and power to homes and factories many miles away, means a saving in coal and, what is more important, a saving in human energies.

How far can a waterfall fall?

In 1891 General Electric Company equipped an electric plant at Pomona, California, for transmitting electric power 28 miles—a record.

Today electric power from a waterfall is carried ten times as far.

Some day remote farm homes will have electricity and streams that now yield nothing will be yielding power and light.



Improvements in electrical development do not "happen." They come from the tireless research of trained scientists. The General Electric Company invests in the work of its Research Laboratories more than a million dollars a year.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

A Morning Greeting!

Start the day off right with a cup of delicious



WHITE HOUSE COFFEE

"None Better at Any Price"

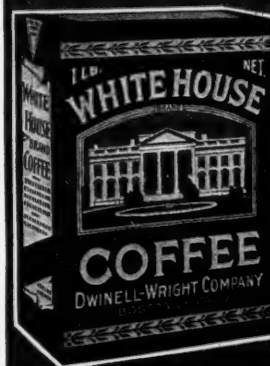
It comes to you in a double sealed carton package which keeps All Goodness In, All Badness Out.

Sold from coast to coast and in the Canadian Provinces

You can serve White House Teas with full assurance that they will please. Five popular varieties in 1-4 and 1-2 lb. sealed canisters.

DWINELL-WRIGHT COMPANY

Principal Coffee Roasters BOSTON - CHICAGO





THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



THE HIVES OF DREAMY LAND

By Blanche Elizabeth Wade

All through the dales of Dreamy Land
Buzzed the Going-to Bees.
They droned through all the fields and
lanes,
And bumbled through the trees.

They hummed and hummed in lazy tones
In all the garden flowers;
Or dozed at ease in hollyhocks,
Or high in larkspur towers.

The Going-to Bees told glowing tales
Of what they meant to do;
Of all the honey they would make,
To last the winter through.

And so they spent each livelong day,
In happy, idle cheer,
With humming, buzzing, droning song
Till autumn frosts drew near.

But, oh, the hives of Dreamy Land
Were empty, if you please;
For honey never yet was made
By careless Going-to Bees!



IT COULDN'T BE CLIMBED

By Dorothy Arno Baldwin

THERE was a great to-do in the Kingdom of Neverwas. The King had lost his Golden Bird. He had looked for him almost everywhere. He had whistled for him, and everyone else had whistled, but it was of no use. The golden cage that hung in the King's bedchamber was empty, and the Golden Bird could not be found.

At last the King had a bright idea. He sent for the Court Astrologer. Now the Court Astrologer was a clever man and could see everything that other people see, and a good many other things.

"Will you kindly look through your glass," said the King, "and tell me where you see my Golden Bird? He has flown away from me."

The Astrologer obligingly lifted his glass. "Your Majesty," he said after peering for a moment, "your Golden Bird is sitting on the very tip-top of the Mountain That Cannot Be Climbed."

"Dear me, how unfortunate!" said the King. "Do you think he intends to stay there?"

"I rather think he does," answered the Astrologer. "He seems to be having a very good time."

"That will never do," said the King. "I shall oversleep every morning if the Golden Bird is not here to sing me awake. He must come home at once."

That was easily said, but how to get him home was a difficult matter. In all the days of the kingdom no one had ever climbed that mountain. Everyone said that it couldn't be done. It was very steep and very high, so high that the clouds rested like a crown upon its head. No one had ever wanted to climb it before. But now that the Golden Bird was up there and the King wanted him, everything was different.

The King thought until his head ached, but could think of no way of getting his bird. Then he sent for his Wise Men.

"Will you kindly tell me," he said, "how I am to recover my Golden Bird? The Astrologer says that he is sitting on the very tip-top of the Mountain That Cannot Be Climbed, and of course he cannot hear me when I whistle."

The Wise Men talked it over among themselves.

"This is a serious matter, Your Majesty," they said, when they had duly considered for an hour or so. "We see no way of recovering the Golden Bird, unless — It is barely possible, Your Majesty, that, if some of us had wings, we might fly to the top of the mountain and capture him."

"Excellent!" declared the King. "We'll do it!"

The King ordered a hundred pairs of wings to be made at once, each pair large enough to bear the weight of a man. He then issued a proclamation calling upon one hundred of his subjects to learn to use the wings so that they could fly to the top of the mountain.

"Half a kingdom to him who shall bring back the Golden Bird," read the proclamation.

The wings were large enough to carry a man, and six times a hundred subjects came to try them; but not one could learn to use them. After practicing eleven and a half hours a day for thirty-nine days all that the most skillful subject could do was to fly to the palace roof, and then only when there was a good wind behind him.

Meanwhile the Golden Bird sat happily on the mountain top, — the Astrologer could see him all the time, — and the King slept later every morning.

When the King himself had fastened on a pair of wings and had found that even he couldn't fly very well he sent for the Wise Men again. He also sent for the Councilors, the Royal Tutors, the Cook, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and everyone else who had ever had occasion to think and commanded them to put their heads together.

"There must be some way of reaching my Golden Bird," he said. "I want you to think what it is."

After they had thought almost all night the eldest Councilor timidly raised his hand. "It may be," said he, "that, if all the people in the kingdom worked together, they might shovel the mountain out from under him. But it would take a long time."

"Never mind that," said the King.

So the King had each of his subjects provided with a shovel and put to work shoveling away the mountain. By the end of the first six months they had succeeded in digging a ditch round the base of it.

The King was in despair. "At this rate," he said, "it will be at least two thousand years before I can get back my Golden Bird, and it may be that I shall not want him then."

It was about that time that the King slept so late one morning that he didn't wake up till the morning after. When his subjects heard about it they were plunged into the deepest gloom. Everyone could see that that sort of thing could not go on. The King might get into the habit of not waking up at all.

It was on the morning after the morning on which the King had waked up a whole day late that a Young Person presented himself at court and asked to see His Majesty.

"King," said the Young Person when he was ushered into the royal presence, "I am planning to bring down your Golden Bird from the top of the mountain."

The King stared at him in astonishment. "You don't mean it!" he cried. "How are you going to get him?"

"I am going to climb the mountain," said the Young Person.

"You can't. That's just the trouble. No one can!" exclaimed the King.

"Did anyone ever try it?" asked the Young Person, who spoke in a very polite manner.

"Certainly not!" said the King indignantly. The Young Person bowed very low. "I beg pardon, Your Majesty," he said, "but may I ask why not?"

"Why not?" roared the King, much exasperated. "Don't you know that that is the Mountain That Cannot Be Climbed? Now what would be the use of trying to climb a mountain that cannot be climbed?"

"With your kind permission," said the Young Person, "I shall try."

At this the King fussed and fumed and said that it couldn't be done. Then he sent for the Wise Men and told them all about it.

"H'm!" said the Wise Men. "Of course it can't be done. However, he can do no harm by trying."

So it was settled. The Young Person took with him the golden cage in which to bring home the Golden Bird and started for the mountain. The whole court turned out to watch him. He scrambled through the ditch and took a step up the mountain. Then he took another step and another and he kept on taking one step after another. The subjects gasped. He was climbing the Mountain That Couldn't Be Climbed!

The Young Person kept right on climbing and climbing and after a long time, for the mountain was really very steep and very high, he reached the top. The Golden Bird was delighted to see him, for he was getting tired of his own company. He flew into the golden cage immediately, hopped to the perch and sang all the way back to the King.

"I am very grateful," said the King when the Young Person handed him the cage. "I thought you couldn't do it. Which half of my kingdom will you have?"

"You are most kind, Your Majesty," said the Young Person, "but I beg you to keep both halves. As for me, I do not need half a kingdom, for I am the king of myself."

The Young Person made a low bow and then departed from the Kingdom of Neverwas. No one knows exactly what became of him or where he went, for in that land they never saw or heard of him again.

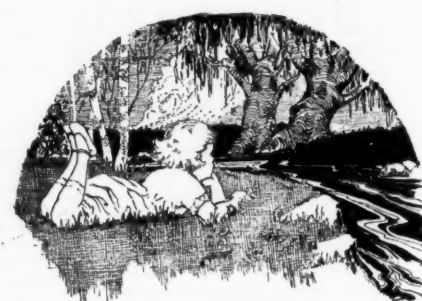


ROSEMARY'S SOCKS

By Rosalie Emerson

IT was twenty minutes past eight when Rosemary opened the door of the kitchen where her mother was preparing breakfast. On one of her little feet was a black sock and a patent-leather slipper. Her other foot was bare, and in her hand she held the other slipper.

"Mother," said Rosemary, "I've looked everywhere, and I can't find my other sock."



WATER SPRITES

Verse and Drawing by Margaret W. Hallock

I've watched the stream all day with care.
I know some water sprites are there;
I see the flashing of their wings
In little new-made fairy rings,
And as the ripples dance along
I catch the echo of their song.

THE SPINNER'S SONG By Greta Galloway Martin

Move the shuttle out and in!
Oh, Minnie could weave,
And Winnie could spin;
So move the shuttle out and in.

Wind off the reel, wind up the thread,
Soon we'll be finished
And go off to bed;
So wind off the reel and wind up the thread.

Wind up the thread in a tight little ball,
Then come up the stairway
And on through the hall.
Quick, wind up the thread in a tight little ball.

Alone in the corner we'll leave the wheel,
And up to bed
In the dark we'll steal;
Alone in the corner the spinning wheel!

DRAWN BY BENJAMIN



she was firm, for she knew that she must cure Rosemary of her careless ways.

The little girl started for school at last, feeling in spite of herself that she deserved to be punished for her carelessness. Although it was nearly nine o'clock, Rosemary decided to walk across the fields to the schoolhouse, as she often did in the summer when she had plenty of time. She climbed the fence into the Jones' meadow as usual, but she was so busy thinking of what her schoolmates would say when they saw that her socks did not match that she could not enjoy the walk.

"I almost think I shall not go to school," said Rosemary to herself, but she kept on walking across the field. She had nearly reached the far fence when the thought of going barefooted occurred to her. The Kelly children always went without shoes in warm weather, and nothing could be so bad as wearing this odd pair of socks.

Feeling a little guilty, Rosemary sat down on a large rock and began to unbutton her slippers. When she had taken them off she pulled off the white sock and then the black one. But to her surprise she found herself holding in her hand two black socks, one inside the other. Rosemary was much amazed, and it was some time before she realized that she had put both socks on one foot without noticing it.

"No wonder I couldn't find it!" she cried, laughing, and hurriedly put on her black socks and slippers. The white sock she put into her pocket, determined that it should not be lost. "And I don't intend to lose another sock so that there will be an odd one to go with it," she said and began to run so that she should be on time for school.



A TALE ABOUT TAILS

By Hazel Gewinner

DANDY was a fox terrier, the dearest little dog that ever wagged a tail. He had a black spot over his right eye and another on his right side. All the rest of him was a dirty white. He could shout happily in dog talk, bark joyous barks, wag his little short tail and quiver all over for pure joy. He was a happy little dog until the day when Periwinkle, the Persian cat, came to share his pats, titbits and cushions by the fire. Not that he minded sharing them with Periwinkle. Oh, no! He was a very generous little dog. But when he saw Periwinkle's long, beautiful tail he wanted one like it. He trotted at once into the hall and looked in the mirror. He looked and looked at his short stubby tail. And the longer he looked the unhappier he became.

He went to the Persian cat. Periwinkle was lying on a yellow cushion before the fire, making a noise like the singing of a kettle. "Periwinkle," he said, "I'm a sad little dog."

Now Periwinkle had known Dandy for only one day, but, like everybody who ever saw Dandy, she already liked him. "Why, Dandy," she said, "I am so sorry for you. Why are you sad?"

"Because," Dandy answered, casting his eyes down and drooping his tail between his hind legs, "I want a long beautiful tail like yours."

"Well, if that's all that's the matter," said Periwinkle, "I'll swap tails with you."

"O Periwinkle!" cried Dandy. "Will you? Will you?"

"Certainly," answered the Persian cat. So Dandy and Periwinkle swapped tails. Dandy strutted out to the mirror in the hall to see how he looked. He thought that he was beautiful. Periwinkle's long tail was indeed becoming to his little shivery body.

Periwinkle settled down again on the yellow cushion before the fire and made a noise like the singing of a kettle.

Suddenly Dandy heard a whistle and knew that Ned was coming home from school. The little dog stood beside the front door and quivered from head to foot with happiness. He could hardly wait for mother to open the door and let him leap upon his beloved little master. But—something was wrong! He tried to wag his new, beautiful long tail, and it wouldn't wag.

Mother opened the door. Ned bounced in. Still poor little Dandy stood trying in vain

to wag his tail. All of a sudden he realized that his tail simply would not be wagged.

Ned turned from mother to Dandy. "Why, mother," he said, "what's the matter with Dandy?"

Mother laughed. "I do believe," she said, "that he has swapped tails with Periwinkle!"

"He did!" cried Ned. "He has a cat's tail. Funny, funny Dandy!"

Dandy stood beside Ned, looking up at him piteously. He wanted, oh, so much, to wag his tail to show how glad he was that Ned had come home. What was the use, he asked himself, of a tail that wouldn't wag?

Dandy sat quietly beside Ned's chair while Ned ate his dinner and talked to mother. Then they went into the back yard to play. Ned threw a red ball across the yard. Dandy gave a yelp of joy, ran after it and brought it back to Ned. Again he tried to wag his tail, but couldn't. So he stopped trying, but he decided that playing ball when you had a tail that wouldn't wag wasn't like playing ball at all.

The worst of it came when he played hiding with Ned. Ned hid in a chinaberry tree, and when Dandy found him he could only show his joy by barking. Then the little dog knew, whatever doubts he may have had before, that there is no wag in a cat's tail.

After a while Bob, the boy that lived across the street, came to play with Ned. Dandy didn't like Bob because he kicked him and sometimes threw stones at him. When Bob came over the fence Dandy's tail began to grow bigger and bigger, and suddenly the little dog understood. Dogs have glad tails and cats have angry tails. Dogs wag their tails when they are glad; cats puff their tails out big and round when they are angry.

Poor, poor Dandy! He didn't want to puff his tail out when he was angry, and he did want to wag it when he was glad; and, to tell the truth, he was a miserable little dog.

He ran into the house, where he found Periwinkle before the fire.

"Please, Periwinkle," he cried, "give me my glad tail again."

But Periwinkle liked Dandy's tail. She had found out that it was a glad tail. "No, Dandy," she said, "I don't want to give your tail back to you. I like a glad tail myself."

Periwinkle sprang up and slipped out into the back yard.

Bob's yellow dog, Sambo, was with him, rubbing his nose into his master's hand. When Sambo saw Periwinkle he gave a sudden, sharp bark and chased Periwinkle across the lawn and up into the chinaberry tree. Then he stood on the ground underneath the tree looking up at Periwinkle and barking at her. Periwinkle was very angry. She tried to puff out Dandy's little short tail, but it wouldn't puff; so she just sat on the limb of the tree and looked down at Sambo.

Ned saw Periwinkle up in a tree. "Call off your dog, Bob," he said. "He's scaring my new cat."

Bob called Sambo off and went home, and Ned coaxed Periwinkle down from the tree and took her into the house. He put her on the cushion before the fire, and her little short tail, which had been Dandy's, began to beat upon the floor because Periwinkle was so glad to be safe from that horrid dog; but the noise nearly scared the cat to death.

"Dandy," she cried, "you may have your glad tail back again. I want my own tail."

Dandy's little body quivered with gladness. He and Periwinkle swapped tails again, and he said as he waited for Ned to get his sweater, "I guess angry tails are best for cats and glad tails are best for dogs."

And Periwinkle said that she supposed that was true.

THE MISTRESS OF THE ROBES

By Dorothy Ketcham

*They have asked you to their party,
Have the fairies and the elves,
So I shall robe you from the garden
Like the Little Folk themselves.*

*The softest pink rose petals
Will form your party gown,
With train and scarf of cobweb
And a fan of thistle-down,*

*An evening cloak of Queen Anne's lace
All lined with larkspur blue
And fastened by a starbeam close
About the throat of you.*

*And we'll take the satin moonflowers
To make your satin shoon
And buckle them with dewdrops
To twinkle at the moon.*



Stories that Only a Grandmother Could Tell

MY, how did Grandma know so many! What adventures she had had! What fun it must have been to be alive when Grandma was a girl! Once Grandma had whistled right out in church—once been chased by wolves—once worn a yellow gown to a wedding!

She tells each story in a chapter of "bedtime" length in *Early Candlelight Stories*, by Stella C. Shetter. This RAND McNALLY book is sure to charm youngsters from eight to twelve, it is so simply and sweetly told, so full of the fine things a grandmother saw in other days. It is illustrated with the quaintest pictures, many of them in color.

Other delightful RAND McNALLY books for children from eight to twelve are: *Japanese Fairy Tales*, *Flower Fairies*, *Little Bear's Play Time* and *True Bear Stories*. Each is published to delight the heart of childhood. You will approve of each in subject, handling and make-up. BOOKSTORES everywhere carry RAND McNALLY books for children.

Send for the Guide for Selection

Our little catalog, *Books for Children and Guide for Selection*, contains more than 150 titles, and makes easy the choosing of proper books for any age and temperament. It is so small, it can fit into your hand-bag—so complete, it can serve as a guide in your shopping. It is yours for the asking. Use the coupon, or write, if you prefer.

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
Publishers of *Child Life*
CHICAGO



RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, Dept. W-19
536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen: Please send me, without charge, your catalog of books for children and Guide for Selection.
Name _____ Address _____

Test the New Companion in Your Home Before Deciding

OUR plan makes it possible for you to test this high-grade sewing machine in your home for three months before deciding. If unsatisfactory, we will return your money and take back machine at our expense.

New Styles—New Low Prices

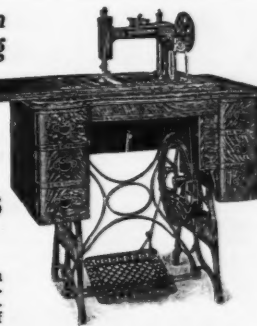
New and Attractive Terms

The *New Companion Sewing Machine* is offered in seven styles, including foot treadle and electric models. Each machine is equipped with the latest attachments and improvements, and each warranted for 25 years by the Publishers of *The Youth's Companion*. No machine, regardless of price, will last longer or do better work.

Our *Low Prices Will Surprise You*. Our unique system of selling direct from factory to home effects a large saving for each purchaser. Be sure to get our liberal Offer before selecting a new machine.

It is *Easy To Find Out* all about this fine machine. A postal-card request will bring our free illustrated catalogue, trial offer and attractive terms by return mail.

PERRY MASON COMPANY, Commonwealth Ave. and St. Paul St., BOSTON, MASS.



We Pay the Freight

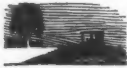
We pay all charges to your nearest freight station. Machines shipped from near points in Eastern, Central and Western sections.

The Prophylactic
Tooth Brush

The one with the popular reputation. Your dentist will tell why.

A MENDER IN THE DARK

By Gertrude West



"M.D." he signed and stifled a quiver of regret; In youth a country doctor—a country doctor yet.

The little life on Granite had quickened with the dark,
Lit, like a star of twilight, a tiny glowing spark;
And in the awe-filled silence a birthright can but keep
The doctor left the little rude homestead to its sleep.
The broken arm at Bannock's was mending steadily;
The bandaged eyes at Campbell's, with caution, soon might see.
So down the rough-hewn roadway the weary doctor went
On the old endless circuit where all his days were spent.

Down in the night-held valley, against the fire-light red,
Haloed against the window, shone Tony's curly head;
Burrowed among his cushions, frail in his cavern chair,
And smiling through the cruel grim pain that held him there.
"Hi, doc," his hail came floating, "I knew you'd not go by.
I saw your light on Granite so high—oh, very high!
Weave down the twisty roadway, a thread all goldly bright;
I played you were a shuttle a-mending up the night.
From Blair's to Terrance Campbell's, from Bannock's to McNair's,
Just in and out and over as mother stitches tears.
When I grow up and after my leg is not so bad I'd like to mend the darkness and make the people glad."

In youth a country doctor—a country doctor yet. Then in his eyes, toil-weary, there shone a love-bright spark.
"M.D." he signed and chuckled: "A mender in the dark."

THE UNNOTICED SPRING

ON Louis Anderson's farm there was a fifteen-foot well that had never contained more than two feet of water at the most, and that even during a short drought was often dry. Hoping to increase the supply of water Anderson at last decided to clean out the accumulated silt at the bottom. With the help of his twelve-year-old son he pumped the well dry and removed six inches or so of the mud.

The bottom five feet of the hole had been blasted out of soft, disintegrating shale. While scraping the rocky floor Anderson noticed a dark irregular spot three or four inches in diameter. Watching it closely, he saw a little water seeping up through it. With a crowbar he began to chip away at the spot, and in a few minutes water was coming through at a steadily increasing rate. Anderson had penetrated perhaps three inches into the porous material when his bar suddenly broke through and dropped about two feet. Simultaneously an ice-cold column of water spurted up almost into his face. He had uncovered a deep, strong and pure spring, the presence of which the former owner of the farm had never suspected when he dug the well; with a little more digging he would surely have found it. By sundown Anderson's well was half full of excellent water.

How many people whom we pass on the street seem dull and unimpassioned, incapable of great thoughts or of fine deeds! And yet, who can tell what spring of strong, pure feeling may not lie deep beneath an unpromising and often unlovely human exterior? A little probing into the hearts and minds of ordinary-looking and even cold-appearing people will often bring us great rewards. The sympathy and understanding of an intimate talk soon penetrate to the depths of their better natures. A little encouragement of their kinder impulses and finer aspirations may release a great fresh flow of good for the world.

A BOX FROM HOME

JULIA stopped to look over the mail on the hall table. There rarely was a letter for her, but she always looked. No, of course there was nothing. And of course there were two letters for Linda Fellows—two letters and a box. Julia's face darkened. She hated those boxes that Linda Fellows was always getting, boxes of cookies and cake and doughnuts and fruit and once even a roast chicken with all the "fixings." On that great occasion Linda had invited half a dozen girls up to her room, and everyone had pretended to have such a wonderful time, but all the while Julia had felt as if she should choke over every mouthful.

A knock at the door made her start. "Wait a minute till I get a light," she called.

She found her matches and lighted the gas; then she threw open the door. Linda was standing there with her box in her hands and with the look in her eyes that always came when she had

a box from home. "What do you suppose I've got?" she cried. "My littlest sister has made her very first gingersnaps, and they are delicious. She's only eight, you know. Everybody's got to sample them!"

"No, thank you," Julia said thickly. Linda looked startled, then hurt. "But you've got to—just one anyway even if you don't care much for gingersnaps. They're a little sister's first ones!"

"You don't seem to realize!"—Julia's voice was harsh—"what it means, offering home things to people who have no homes!"

Linda shut her box. Her face flamed. "Maybe you think it's being a good sport to spoil other people's good times!" she cried hotly. "No, I don't know; but if I did, I'd play the game. I'd realize that I wasn't the only lonely person in the world; and if I wanted things I couldn't have, I'd try at least to make a good time for somebody else before I sat down and cried." And then she was gone.

Julia dropped on her bed. At first she was stunned; then she was angry. But through her anger something kept saying to her, "You know it's the truth. It wouldn't have hurt so if it hadn't been the truth." Faces came before her, forlorn Miss Briggs's, Phebe Mather's and a dozen others. She was so absorbed that she did not hear the door open again.

The first she knew Linda's arms were round her. "I was a beast," Linda was crying, "just a plain beast, Julia!"

And then to her amazement Julia heard her own voice saying, "It was the truth!"

"That doesn't change my beastliness," Linda responded. "O Julia, I've just thought of something. I'm going home next month for a week. Can't you come with me? And one day we'll go out in the kitchen and make things for half a dozen boxes for everyone we can think of who doesn't get any. Will you, Julia?"

"If you'll take me," Julia answered humbly.

THREE MYSTIFYING TRICKS

THE famous rope trick, an account of which was printed in these columns some months ago, has utterly bewildered hard-headed persons who have seen it performed. The Indian conjurer is too clever for Westerners. And there are many other tricks, among which are three that Mr. M. E. McGregor describes in Chambers's Journal, that are quite as mystifying as the rope trick. How does the juggler himself explain them? Ah, sahib, and up go his lean shoulders.

The performer, says Mr. McGregor, was an elderly Brahman who was working to raise money for a new temple roof. He appeared at the veranda of the house of a friend with whom I was visiting in Lucknow and, after stating his purpose, asked in a casual way if we should like him to sit lifeless for two days. When we told him that a quarter of an hour would be long enough he instantly closed his eyes and relaxed his muscles. I got a mirror and held it close to his face. I felt his pulse. There was no sign of life; the mirror remained absolutely unclouded; the pulse was quiet; the eyes were dull. At the end of fifteen minutes I spoke to him and said we were quite satisfied. He woke as from a sleep. We said we thought his demonstration was very wonderful and asked how he did it. He answered in an apathetic manner, "I was not here. It is quite easy."

Then he asked if we had a strong, heavy iron chain, and we brought him one that was used as a trace on an oxcart. He put it across his chest under his arms and said, "As it is too large, lash it securely with a rope or knot it so that it cannot open."

When we had done as he bid he merely expanded his chest, and the chain snapped like a bit of cotton—a clean break just over his chest!

But his last trick was still more wonderful. After astonishing us by casually pulling a ring through a cane on which it dangled he said, "Let one of your women servants give me one of her metal anklets, one without a joint and very heavy."

A young girl at once began to remove one from her foot. It took considerable time and some oiling to get it off, but at last it came free. He pushed it up his arm till it stuck. Then as if he were measuring a span he put his thumb on one side of it and his little finger on the other side and lightly pulled it through his arm!

THE MOST INTELLIGENT ANIMAL

WHAT animal ranks next to man in intelligence? Opinions will differ, but Mr. W. Henry Sheak, writing in Natural History, has no doubts. No animal below man, he says, possesses a higher degree of intelligence than the chimpanzee, if indeed any equals him. To prove it Mr. Sheak tells some remarkable stories, from which we quote:

One evening I was alone in the menagerie. I was sitting near the chimpanzee cage writing a letter when a large savage female began screaming angrily. A few minutes earlier the apes had been fed potatoes boiled with the skins on. She had swallowed hers greedily and was now reaching for little Adam's share. Adam, by the way, was one of the best-natured, most peace-loving animals I have ever known. To my utter astonishment the little fellow broke his potato in two and gave her half of it.

Most chimpanzees are, however, not so willing to divide. When I was with the Edwards

Animal Show in New York we had a big chimpanzee that we called Sallie. When she had eaten all the rice she cared for she would feed what was left in her dish to the little monkeys in a cage near her, dipping the contents out a spoonful at a time and handing the spoon through the bars. One day when she was engaged in feeding a pair of gray spider monkeys Mr. Edwards appeared with a bunch of grapes. Immediately she began stamping her feet, screaming and making a frightful noise, which drove all the other simians to the farther end of the cage. On receiving the grapes, she again turned toward them and gave two or three savage barks. She was perfectly willing to divide the rice, which she did not want, but not the grapes, which she did want. When Joe, a young chimpanzee of remarkable intelligence, was given two apples and told to present one of them to his little sister he would, if one was larger than the other, invariably hand her the smaller one; if the apples were about the same size, he would take a good bite or two out of one and then hand it to her.

Joe was full of mischief and dearly loved to tease a little Mexican dog that usually slept near his cage. He would reach out and give the dog a pinch and then would quickly jerk his hand back before the little fellow could nip him. In that way he kept the dog in a constant state of irritation and always ready for a fight. One day Mr. Joseph Edwards came into the room with some oranges and laid one under the dog's nose, wondering how Joe would solve such a problem. But it was no problem at all for Joe. He picked up the hammer, poked the handle through the bars till he got the dog to biting at it; then he gradually worked the dog away until he could safely reach the orange with his other hand.

In Kansas City we kept the chimpanzees in a very large cage almost the size of an ordinary bedroom. We had some ropes attached to the roof by bolts with a ring in the lower end. One of the bolts came out and fell to the floor. Mr. Joseph Edwards went into the cage, picked up the bolt and, handing it to Joe, said, "Now you get up there"—he pointed with his finger—"and put this bolt through the hole and hold it there till I fasten it."

The little ape climbed to the top of the cage and, holding on by one of the ropes, inserted the bolt into the hole and held it till Mr. Edwards climbed on top and made it fast. The head keeper, who was standing near me, expressed the thought and feeling of all of us when he exclaimed, "By George, that's going some!"

TWO MORE NATURAL BRIDGE GRAFTS

SOME weeks ago The Companion printed a picture and an article about a tree in the West that had a curious natural bridge graft. Our readers have been quick to report similar phenomena that they have observed.



Apparently such grafts are not so very rare after all. We print two of the photographs that have been sent to us. One is of a double oak tree at Harvard, Massachusetts. The other is of an elm tree at Kimbal, Kansas; at the time the picture was taken half the tree was in full leaf, and the other half was still in bud.

LEVER vs. O'CONNELL

IN his gossip reminiscences published in the Cornhill Magazine, Mr. E. A. Ward, the painter, tells a number of stories about the lively and entertaining family of Charles Lever, the novelist. Mrs. Nevill, the wife of a British army officer, was one of Lever's daughters. She was riding with him one day through a street in Dublin when her father pointed to a man coming toward them and said, "Take a good look at him, and I will tell you who he is."

Mrs. Nevill, who then was a little girl, stared at the man with all her eyes. He seemed much amused at her and, taking off his hat, made her a deep bow, which she returned.

"That is Daniel O'Connell," said her father. She was so much affected by that mark of O'Connell's attention that she became converted to his cause and in spite of her father's strenuous bias in the opposite direction upheld his views for some weeks.

Some time afterwards Charles Lever, accompanied by his little son, aged nine, and by Mrs. Nevill, then a girl of thirteen, were in the shop of Curran, the publisher. In Phoenix Park O'Connell was addressing a great political gathering, and in the course of his speech he denounced Charles Lever as an un-*Irish* Irishman. While

Lever and his children were at the publishers', a police officer entered the shop and warned Lever that he would not be responsible for his safety or even for his life if he ventured into the public streets without adequate police escort before the crowd had dispersed.

Turning to his children, Lever said, "What shall we do?"

"Let us ride home; we're not frightened," they replied.

So off they rode through the crowded streets. They progressed safely until they approached a densely crowded bridge. The mob began booing and hooting and declined to make way. Thereupon Lever, thinking of his children, rose in his stirrups and shouted lustily, "Long live Daniel O'Connell!"

There was a pause; then suddenly Lever's little boy raised his tiny whip and, bringing it down with a resounding smack, shouted in a fury, "Down with Daniel O'Connell!"

The words might have cost them their lives; instead they happened to tickle the sense of humor of the crowd. There was a shout of laughter, and the Levers were allowed to proceed to their home unmolested.

MR. PEASLEE ON THE WAYS OF WOMEN

"HAVE you got a crosscut saw, Kellup," inquired Mr. Nudd plaintively, "and if you have, will you lend it to me?"

Mr. Peaslee lifted his head from weeding his radishes and invited Mr. Nudd to make himself comfortable on the garden fence. "I'll be through with this row in less'n a minute, Ethan," he said, "and then I'll go fetch the saw out of the shed for you; it's kind of hid away there."

He weeded busily for a time and finally got to his feet with a sigh of thankfulness. "I wanted to get them radishes thinned before dinner," he explained, "and I knew just how it would prove if I quit to get the saw for you; we'd get to talking, and I wouldn't give the radishes another thought. And then my wife'd have somethin' to say that like 'nough would take the relish off'n my dinner. She's been dinnin' me for two days to do that piece of work."

Mr. Nudd nodded dejectedly. "It's on 'count of my wife that I'm needin' your saw," he said. "She wants I should saw up that elm that the wind broke down last spring; she says I don't keep my dooryard nigh as trig as you do yours, and I d'know as I do."

Mr. Peaslee tried to look virtuous, but ended by flushing. "If my yard's any more trig and neat than yours is," he admitted, "it ain't owin' to me; it's my wife's doin's. She keeps thornin' me to do the work round the house till I have to give in and do it to quiet her."

"I s'posed so," Mr. Nudd agreed simply. "That's the way it is with me."

"If I didn't," said Caleb, grinning, "I'd be almost afraid she'd take steps same's Hiram Ludlow's wife did to get him to take a decent pride in his place."

Mr. Nudd looked apprehensive. "What was it she done?" he inquired nervously.

"She read him a lesson," Caleb replied. "Right before compny it was too, and it done him good. Hiram was a good deal like other men-folks, I s'pose, but in two ways he differed a little. For one thing, he hated to chore round the house worse,—so his wife maintained,—and for another he was more given to take to heart what folks thought of him. Show him somehow that he was failin' to measure up to his neighbors and you'd see him mend his ways right off!"

"Mis' Ludlow had been tryin' all one spring to get Hiram to slick up round the place. She wanted the pigpen fence new-boarded,—Hiram had patched it with spruce slabs and old barrel staves till it looked like tunket,—and she was bound to have the end of the barn painted that showed when you come up the south road from the lower village."

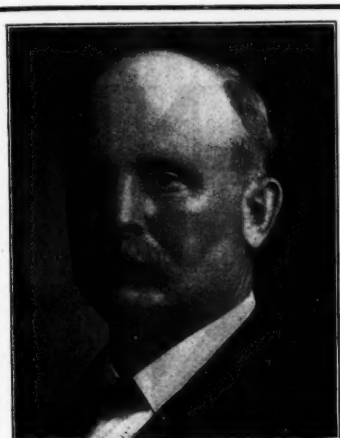
"I couldn't blame her for wantin' that," Caleb said with feeling, "for Hiram had made the end of the barn look dreftful. He wanted paint on it to keep the clapboards from rottin'; so the way he'd do was, when he'd be paintin' anything else, a farm wagon, say, and he'd have a quart or so of paint left, he'd go and spread it on the end of the barn, no matter what color it was. The result was no patch-work quilt ever looked more crazy than the end of that barn did. And there were other things."

"When matters was at their worst and Mis' Ludlow's patience had got wore to a thread a cousin of Hiram's come to make them a visit for a day or two, and Hiram, to be p'lite and make it int'restin' for his cousin, took him to ride round the place, and Mis' Ludlow went along as a matter of course, Hiram on the front seat, drivin', and the cousin—he was a minister—on the back seat with Mis' Ludlow."

"They'd just got fairly started when they come to the fork in the road where they could either go up over the hill by way of the village or down the other way through the Hungry Hollow neighborhood; and Mis' Ludlow punched Hiram in the back and told him she wanted to go down the Hollow road. So Hiram, thinkin' he had some errand, headed the boss that way."

"The fust place they come up with was that one where the deaf Frenchman used to live; and when they fetched abreast of it Mis' Ludlow asked Hiram to halt the hoss a minute."





Want More Money?

Are you facing a need for additional income? If so, why not profit by the experience of Mr. S. F. Claflin, who for nearly thirty years has been sending us new and renewal subscriptions for *The Youth's Companion*. Devoting but a part of his time to *Companion* business, Mr. Claflin has been able to add from \$100.00 to \$150.00 to his income during the subscription season.

If He Can Do It So Can You

Under the terms of the liberal offer we will make you, you can easily add from \$5.00 to \$50.00 and upward to your monthly income without interference with your regular duties. The work is pleasant and dignified, and requires no previous experience or working capital. We supply everything you need—you merely invest your spare time now yielding no return. The harvest subscription season is just opening. Be the "early bird."

Mail the Coupon Today

Secretary The Winners' Club 237
The Youth's Companion
Boston 1, Mass.

DEAR SIR: More money would look good to me. You may send your proposition without placing me under any obligation.

Name
Address
P. O. State

"There!" she says to the cousin. "I want you should take a good look at that old pigpen! Ain't that a disgrace to the c'munity?"

"The cousin took a good look, and, bein' an outspoken kind, he told her jest what he thought of it; and it wa'n't any pretty thought neither!"

"Well," she says, "that's jest what I think; a place like that or as bad as that is a disgrace! Drive on, Hiram!"

"So Hiram clucked to the boss, and they went on till they come to that place of Eb Graves's,—it looked as bad then as it does now,—and there she made Hiram pull the boss to a standstill again while she showed the barn to his cousin. The cousin give it a look and spoke his mind about it. 'It don't look 'sif it ever had a spoonful of paint on it in the world,' he says."

"Mebbe it hain't," Mis' Ludlow says, and there was so much meanin' in her tone that Hiram sort of shivered when he heard it. 'If it had,' says she, 'it might look even wuss'n it does now. Go ahead, Hiram!'"

"By that time Hiram'd got a good idea of how far the woman was willin' to go to be spiteful, and when he got down most to the Barnes place he hit the boss a lick and went by kitin'. He knew 'bout how the winders in the shed looked, and he thought of one in his shed that he'd nailed a board over. And, havin' got the boss under way, he kep' it goin' so Mis' Ludlow didn't git a chance to call the cousin's eye to any more shiftless and run-down places."

"But when they got to the village the fust place Hiram stopped was at the hardware store, and when he come out the clerk was helpin' him fetch five gallons of paint—and it was all one color!"

"And a day or so afterwards," Caleb concluded, "I had a chance to tell Hiram how nice his barn looked, and I took 'casion to speak of how trig he'd boarded up his pigpen too!"

A VERY AMERICAN GENTLEMAN

THE distinguished artist Mr. Edward Simmons, an American of Americans wholly without false pride, has occasionally taken a mischievous delight in shocking the susceptibilities of less democratic folk.

"My duties!"—so he has explained in relating some of his early experiences in the West—"were varied at Sisson. I was general help on the farm; I waited on the table at mealtime; and I was village postmaster."

"One Sunday there was nothing for me to do. I was loafing round the gateway in my working clothes when the stage arrived. I noticed that the driver looked cross. The passenger,—'a durn Britisher,'—who was sitting on the seat beside him, had evidently 'got his goat,' for contrary to his usual habit he unstrapped the trunk from the back and dropped it into the dust of the road. The Englishman, looking hopelessly round, spied me and said in the manner that he obviously kept for servants: 'My good fellow, give me a hand with this luggage.'"

"I was perfectly willing; so I hoisted the trunk on my shoulder and carried it upstairs, where he fished in his pocket and handed me a quarter; it amused me to take it and thank him in a respectful manner."

"Some time later I went to San Francisco to be at one of the celebrations of the Harvard Club when who should sit next me at dinner but our Englishman! He asked my name; then, giving me a searching glance, he said, 'I've met you before some place? In town?'"

"No, I met you in Siskiyou County in the north of the state," I replied.

"Oh, but you are mistaken. I met no gentlemen there."

"Nonsense!" I replied. "I carried your trunk upstairs in the hotel, and you gave me a quarter."

"He stared, became blood red and turned his back on me for the rest of the evening."

It must have been an astonishing encounter for an English gentleman who was such in the purely caste sense of belonging by birth to the gentry; yet there fortunately are many British gentlemen, both in that sense and in the finer sense, who would have found the encounter an occasion for friendly laughter.

It was Mr. Simmons's luck to horrify yet another Briton, a butler in the household of Mr. Haggin, a wealthy Californian and a very good friend to the young man when he was still far from being famous and was employed in a department store as assistant salesman. He had been invited to a party at Mr. Haggin's home one evening.

"One of the family had been to our store in the afternoon," says Mr. Simmons, "and had purchased some merchandise, laying special stress on having it delivered that day, since it was needed for the reception in the evening—the same reception to which I had been invited. In the rush of closing the store the things had been overlooked, and as the Haggin house was on my way home, I agreed to deliver them myself. Accordingly I proceeded to the back door and handed sundry brooms and saucepans to the butler, who received them from me in shirt sleeves as man to man."

"Later in the evening with a friend from Harvard whom the young ladies especially desired to meet I alighted at the house from a carriage, this time at the front door. The butler, who was English, received me with a suspicious air, but let me get into the drawing-room. Then all of a sudden with the light of memory in his eye he made rather a threatening movement

toward me, but, thinking better of it, went to Mr. Haggin and, drawing him aside, whispered excitedly in his ear."

"Mr. Haggin burst out into loud guffaws of laughter and could not refrain from telling the joke. The butler had whispered the awful news that I was a tradesman!"

AN IMPROVED BASTINADO

IN the early nineties Frederick Remington and E. W. Kemble, both of whom were in the heyday of their fame as illustrators, were great companions. As Mr. Augustus Thomas tells it in the *Print of My Remembrance*, their understanding was mutual and immediate. One night they were sitting together on the train home from New York, Remington by the car window and Kemble next to the aisle, when an obstreperous commuter began to make a disturbance.

The busy conductor's admonitions were ineffective; the brakeman's repeated expostulations were useless; and the passengers seemed cowed. The rowdy was gaining confidence. On his third blatant parade through the car as he passed Kemble's side Remington, who weighed two hundred and fifty pounds, bone and muscle, reached out into the aisle and with the precision of a snapping turtle lifted him from his feet like a naughty boy and laid him face downward over Kemble's interposing lap. With the spirit of perfect teamwork Remington held the ruffian while Kemble spanked him. The correction, which was prolonged and ample,—while the fellow's legs in the aisle wriggled frantically for a foothold,—was accompanied with roars of laughter from the passengers."

At last Remington stood the offender on his feet. The man began a threatening tirade, but before he had uttered half a sentence Remington had him again exposed to Kemble's rhythmic tattoo. That was enough, and when the fellow was again released he promptly left the car."

EDUCATED BY THE COBDEN CLUB

OUR older readers will remember the heat that used to attend the struggles between the protectionists and the "tariff for revenue" men back in the days of Cleveland and McKinley. It was part of the protectionist doctrine that interested trade organizations in Great Britain—particularly the "Cobden Club"—were paying the political bills of the other party in the hope of getting this country to adopt free trade. Prof. Arthur L. Perry was in those days professor of political economy at Williams College, and like many other economists he was a convinced "free trader."

In an entertaining book of reminiscences Professor Perry's son, the Rev. Carroll Perry, refers to the feeling of modest pride in which in his boyhood he bore the unpopularity of his father's views in the neighborhood. The family seemed to be set apart as a sort of "sacred sect."

I always cherished a most delicious feeling of moral superiority, he says, tasting all the pleasures of martyrdom without any of its inconveniences. But the height of my glory was reached one day when, coming home from the public school, I overheard the village politician say to a group of idlers: "Tell me, how can a professor on his own salary send six children through college? He can't do it, and he doesn't. It's bein' done secretly by the Cobden Club of London."

WHEN THE KAISER WORE KILTS

A GREAT many notables, from Gladstone to Balfour, from Fanny Kemble to Sarah Bernhardt, figure in the Countess of Jersey's sprightly reminiscences of the Victorian epoch. As a daughter of Lord Leigh and the wife of Lord Jersey, she has known most of the British nobility. When she was a child she shook hands with the Duke of Wellington and was kissed by the young Queen Victoria. One of her girlhood memories is of the wedding of the Prince of Wales in 1863, in connection with which she says:

The present ex-kaiser, then Prince William, aged four, came over with his parents for the wedding. He appeared at the ceremony in a Scottish suit, whereupon the German ladies remonstrated with his mother, saying they understood that he was to have worn the uniform of a Prussian officer.

"I am very sorry," replied his mother; "he had it on, but Beatrice and Leopold (the Duke of Albany) thought that he looked so ridiculous with tails that they cut them off, and so we had to look about until we found an old Scottish suit of his uncle's for him to wear."

An early English protest against militarism!

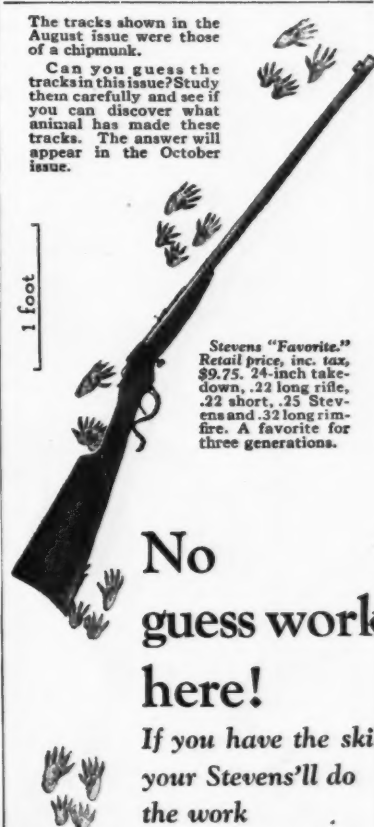
IS SHE SO BAD A COOK?

THE member of Parliament who contributed an article to a popular magazine on *How We are Happy Though Married*, says Punch, will have explanations to make when his wife reads his article—if she bothers to—and finds this statement in it:

"The cheerfulness I am able to sustain because my wife is never too tired to neglect the preparation of the evening meal."

The tracks shown in the August issue were those of a chipmunk.

Can you guess the tracks in this issue? Study them carefully and see if you can discover what animal has made these tracks. The answer will appear in the October issue.



Stevens "Favorite." Retail price, inc. tax, \$9.75. 24-inch take-down, .22 long rifle, .22 short, .25 Stevens and .32 long rim-fire. A favorite for three generations.

No guess work here!

If you have the skill your Stevens'll do the work

ASK some boy in your neighborhood who owns a *Favorite* or *Visible Loading*. He'll tell what a Stevens can do.

Or better still—ask some man. Plenty of men in your town own a Stevens. Ask one. He's probably owned his Stevens for years, and it's certain that it's as sturdy and true as it was the day he bought it.

For a Stevens slings a bullet hard and dead true—and will keep on doing it for years.

It's the Stevens special process of reaming—the final boring cutting a depth of less than one thousandth of an inch.

The barrel is accurate—and it stays accurate.

You can afford a Stevens. Look at the prices of the rifles shown here. Where can you beat these?

Ask at your dealer's or write direct for our interesting catalog.

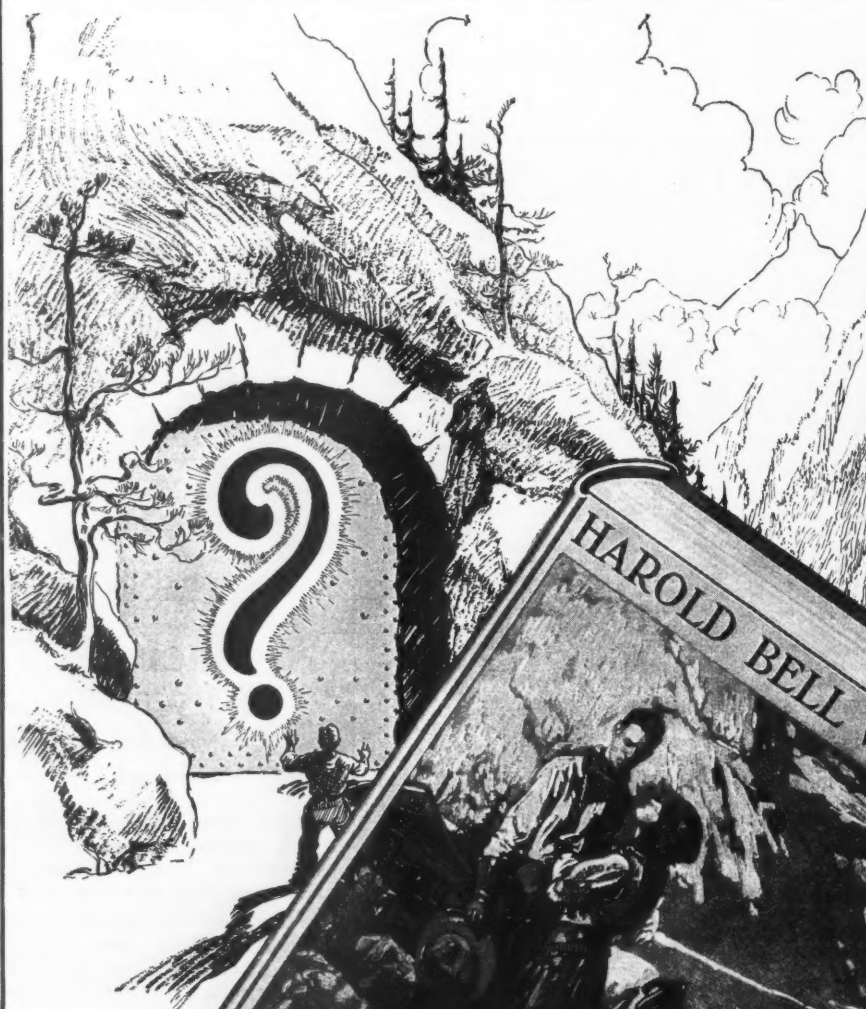
J. STEVENS ARMS COMPANY
Dept. 532 Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Owned and operated by the Savage Arms Corporation



Stevens "Visible Loading." Retail price, including tax, \$16.25. An accurate .22 Cal. Remington. You know when it is loaded, and you know when it is empty.

Stevens



The MINE WITH THE IRON DOOR

By HAROLD
BELL
WRIGHT

"Every life has
its 'mine with
the iron door'—its
dreams...its hopes..."

THE MINE
WITH THE
IRON DOOR

CHARACTERS

THE MAN: Hugh Edwards, a fine type of American who has learned through struggle and wrong and disappointment to appreciate the best things of life at their real value.

THE GIRL: Marta, a child of nature, living with her guardians in the canyon.

THE PARDNERS: Bob Hill and Thad Grove, two picturesque old miners who have adopted Marta.

DR. JIMMY: James Burton, a famous doctor, forced through ill health to abandon his practice and come with his mother to live in the desert, beloved by all, rich and

poor alike, known throughout the canyon as "St. Jimmy."

MRS. BURTON: Mother of Dr. Jimmy, fine type of womanhood, gentle, unselfish, making a home for her son in the desert.

THE INDIAN: Na-ta-chie, an Apache who has reverted to type, in spite of a slight veneer of education.

THE LIZARD: A poor specimen of manhood, white trash of low order.

SONORA JACK: An outlaw.

SHERIFF, MEXICANS, OUTLAWS,
COWBOYS, PROSPECTORS, ETC.

It is a romance of adventure that Harold Bell Wright tells you in this novel. The scene is laid in what is peculiarly the Harold Bell Wright country, the Catalina Mountains of Arizona. Strange stories drift about that region, and thither many men have come—Spaniards, explorers, priests, Indians, cattlemen, and adventurers from every land—who have mounted its heights, up and up under the wide skies, over the vast deserts, upon the wild mountains, to the mighty Cañade del Oro—The Canyon of Gold. Today men still hear of the great lost mine, "the mine with the iron door."

In Harold Bell Wright's novel a man wanders into this canyon, up its trail as the sun is sinking. The only eye to see him is that of an Indian standing silhouetted against the sky, a figure of mystery and romance and adventure. This scene, with the lonely figures in the majestic open, preludes the story of heroism, of love, of human hearts, of glorious adventure that Harold Bell Wright tells.

You come to know the man, the fears he is fleeing, the hopes which unfold in the days which follow; you come to know the girl he finds up there at the end of the trail, a fragrant blossom of womanhood raised under the open skies; you come to know the girl's quaintly picturesque guardians, two old miners, and "Dr. Jimmy," a typically endearing character. And that mystery of the girl Marta's past, that evil which clutches at her, are parts of the life that Harold Bell Wright so inimitably portrays in this romance of high hopes and valiant living. The price of the book is \$2.00.

HOW TO OBTAIN THE BOOK
Send us \$2.50 with one new yearly subscription for The Youth's Companion with 50 cents extra and we will present you with a copy of *The Mine with the Iron Door*, sending it to you postpaid.

NOTE: The book offered is given only to a present Companion subscriber to pay him for introducing the paper into a home where it has not been taken the past year.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 881 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

WRIGLEY'S



Take it home to the kids.

Have a packet in your pocket for an ever-ready treat.

After Every Meal

A delicious confection and an aid to the teeth, appetite, digestion.

Sealed in its Purity Package



BOOKS



THROUGH books you enjoy the companionship of the wise and great. You become a sharer in their innermost thoughts, a witness of their splendid deeds. You seem to be yourself an active figure in the world of politics, of literature, of science or of art.

PROFITABLE HOME WORK

Any Boy or Girl can earn a steady income, coloring black-and-white Christmas Cards, Pictures, etc. Fascinating and pleasant. Easily sold to relatives, friends and dealers.

SPECIAL OUTFIT \$1

Contents: 24 Xmas Cards with envelopes, when colored will sell for \$3 to \$4; 6 cups water color paints; 1 brush; 1 color chart; 1 mixing pan. Postpaid.

FSHEL, ADLER & SCHWARTZ CO.
Dept. D, 338 E. 59th St., New York, N.Y.

SEND FOR CATALOG FREE

Cuticura Soap Complexions Are Healthy

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, etc. everywhere. For sample address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. V, Malden, Mass.

Handsome FREE Wrist Watch

Guaranteed Time Keeper. Given for selling only 30 cards of Dress Snap-Fasteners at 10c per card. Easily Sold. EARN BIG MONEY OR PREMIUMS. Order your cards TO-DAY. Send no money. We trust you till goods are sold.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO.
Box 69-Z Lancaster, Pa.

CLASS PINS

FREE CATALOG GIVE NAME OF SCHOOL OR CLUB AND NUMBER IN CLASS

Either pin illustrated made with any 31-ter and 2 figures, 1 or 2 colors enamel. Silver plate, 25¢ ea. \$2.50 doz. Sterling silver, 40¢ ea., \$4.00 doz. Write for catalog.

3429 of sterling and solid gold pins and rings.

Bastian Bros. Co. 508 Bastian Bldg., Rochester, N.Y. 3529

SUFFERERS FROM ASTHMA

Get and read Dr. Hayes' 80-Page Book, sent FREE on request. Ask for Bulletin Y-236.

P. HAROLD HAYES, M.D., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Ask your Storekeeper for **STOVINK** the red stove remedy.

Mrs. Johnson's Laboratory, Inc., Worcester, Mass.

TERMS

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION is an illustrated weekly paper for all the family. Its subscription price is \$2.50 a year, in advance, including postage prepaid to any address in the United States or Canada, and \$3.00 to foreign countries. Entered at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., as second-class matter.

Renewal Payment should be sent directly to this office and receipt will be acknowledged by change in the expiration date following the subscriber's address on the margin of the paper. Payment to a stranger is made at the risk of the subscriber.

Remittances should be made by Post Office Money Order, Express Money Order, Registered Letter or Bank Draft. No other way by mail is safe.

Always give the name of the Post Office to which your paper is sent. In asking for change of address be sure to give the old as well as the new address. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

Manuscripts offered for publication should, in every case, be addressed to The Editors. A personal address delays consideration of them.

Letters should be addressed and orders made payable to

PERRY MASON COMPANY
The Youth's Companion
Commonwealth Avenue and St. Paul Street, Boston, Mass.

TONICS

TONICS are remedies designed to tone up or to increase the functional activity of the general system or of any of the individual organs or groups of organs. We may therefore have as many varieties of tonics as there are functions—stomachic, cardiac, hepatic, nerve, blood, general and so forth. The effect of tonics is often similar to that of stimulants, but their action is designed to be permanent and to restore the organs to their normal activity, whereas the effect of stimulants, which are more powerful, is temporary and may be followed by harmful reaction. Yet there is no absolute dividing line between the two classes of remedies; a drug that is stimulating in a single large dose may be tonic if given in smaller doses over a long period.

The class of tonics, especially general tonics, includes other remedies than drugs, and some of them are even better than drugs. The invigorating effects of fresh air, sunlight, sea bathing and dry cold air are well known; and massage, general electrization, ultra-violet rays and so forth are often employed with excellent results in run-down states and during convalescence from some debilitating disease.

In prescribing drugs for use as a general tonic the physician often combines several in order to act upon the various organs or groups of organs that may be weak. To a patient during convalescence, when many of the organs are not properly doing their work, he may, for example, give one drug to improve the condition of the blood, another to tone up the nervous system, a third to improve nutrition and usually a fourth to increase the appetite and promote gastric digestion. The fourth would ordinarily be of the class called bitters, or bitter tonics, the action of which is multiform; they increase the secretion of saliva, give rise to a sensation of hunger, increase the production of gastric juice, thereby improving digestion, and tone up the muscular wall of the stomach, thus preventing stagnation and fermentation of food within that organ. Most of the bitter tonics have no other action, but some, such as nux vomica and especially its derivative, strychnine, act also as nerve or heart tonics.

Of course a tonic should not be self-prescribed. Compounding a good general tonic is an art and should be done by the physician, who knows what the various needs are and how to meet them.

APPLES AND OTHER THINGS

NANCY, coming slowly down the stairs, paused a moment at the sound of voices and then turned irresolutely toward the kitchen. It was very cosy in there. A great basket of apples was standing on the red-covered kitchen table, and Aunt Martie and Mrs. Coles were busily paring them. Their knives worked expertly, and loops of red and green peels were curling round their fingers. The two old friends were having a most enjoyable time.

"What are you two doing?" Nancy asked.

"Practicing for Halloween?" Aunt Martie looked up, smiling. "Better than that. We're cutting apples for mince-meat. We've done it together ever since we were girls. Get a knife and take a hand, Nancy. I'll warrant you never made mince-meat in college."

"I never did," Nancy replied, going for a knife and a bowl. "What a pretty apple!" she exclaimed a moment later, taking one from the basket. "Has it a name?"

"Why, bless your heart, child, of course it has! You might just as well ask if children have names! That one's a Jonathan. 'Tis a pretty apple. I always liked it about as well as any."

"My grandfather used to call it King Philip," Mrs. Coles remarked. "I declare, Martie, if there isn't a bread-and-cheese apple! I didn't know you had any."

"We've only one or two trees, down in the old orchard," Aunt Martie replied. "The rest have died out. There used to be old trees down there you don't hear of any more—Tom Putt and Kentish fillabasket and Margaret and mother. I'd be ashamed to say how old I was before it came to me that a mother apple wasn't named for my mother!"

"Mother of America," we called it," Mrs. Coles added. "I liked it too, but in those days I

was torn between maiden's blush and evening party. Of course there isn't any comparison in the looks,—there isn't a prettier fruit in the world than maiden's blush,—but in those days it was, well, that they sounded pleasant, both of them."

The two old ladies laughed reminiscently. Nancy, struggling in vain to make such artistic parings as slipped easily from the others' knives, begged eagerly for more names. So they recalled forgotten ones for her—waltz apple and sour bough, belle rose and Western beauty, and lady's finger and chimney apple.

Nancy started when the clock struck eleven. "The morning's gone so fast I've barely time for my walk!" she cried.

Aunt Martie's eyes followed her lovingly. "It's real hard on a young thing, being sick and having to drop out of college for a year. But it's something to learn that there's a good stretch of life outside of colleges, and it's all interesting as soon as you begin to dig in anywhere."

"I guess that's worth about as much, take it all in all, as most things they teach in college," Mrs. Coles agreed contentedly.

A SCARED HERON

LON HALEY and Alvin Plummer were hunting ducks on the Scarborough marshes. They had walked several miles without seeing a single bird when they discovered at some distance a big flock of ducks feeding on a shallow salt pond. They approached cautiously and for the last four or five hundred yards crawled on their stomachs through the tall grass and bayberry bushes. At last they reached a bird cover, where they hastily concealed themselves. The little shack was completely covered with bushes and seaweed; the back was open, and inside were a seat and places to rest guns.

The hunters had just got comfortably settled in front of the peepholes when a gigantic heron that had been feeding on the edge of the pond strolled toward the shack and prepared to take a nap in the lee of it where the sun shone warmly. After looking carefully round, he tucked his head under his wing and, drawing up one foot, went to sleep.

When he was settled Alvin leaned forward and said in a low voice, "You're too near!"

The heron looked up quickly but, seeing nothing, went to sleep again. Again Alvin spoke, this time more loudly: "You're too near!" And again the big bird awoke and looked about and then went to sleep again.

First one hunter and then the other repeated the words until they had the old fellow fairly dancing on his long legs; but he would not leave the place, because he could see nothing to be afraid of! Just then something startled the ducks, and with a great flutter and whirring of wings the whole flock took to the air. Both shotguns spoke at once, and the second barrels blazed forth an instant later.

The guns were pointed directly over the heron's head, and the shock was too much for him. Closing his eyes, he sank down on the sand, apparently lifeless; his wings drooped and his long legs stretched out.

The hunters rushed forth to secure their game, and presently, talking and laughing, they started back, carrying four or five fine ducks apiece.

When the heron heard them he slowly opened one eye and then got reluctantly on his feet as if he were astonished at finding himself still alive. He shook himself, and as the hunters came nearer he slowly spread his great wings and sailed away. He had had a narrow escape!

THE ENGINEER WORKED THE QUICKER

"**COBBLER**, stick to your last," is pretty good advice still. Nothing is easier than to botch a job that you are unfamiliar with, as this story from the Kansas City Star illustrates:

There is endless rivalry between the bridge and the engine room on Atlantic vessels. It is related that a certain captain and his chief engineer, tired of endlessly debating which the ship could the more easily dispense with, decided to exchange places for a day. The engineer ascended to the bridge, and the captain went into the engine room.

After a couple of hours the captain suddenly appeared on deck, covered with oil and soot; one eye was black, and he was generally the worse for wear. "Chief!" he called, wildly beckoning with a monkey wrench. "You'll have to come down here at once. I can't seem to make her go."

"Of course you can't," said the engineer. "She's ashore."

GOING, GOING, GONE!

IN the midst of the auction a man came forward and whispered at some length to the auctioneer. Then he went back and mingled with the crowd. The auctioneer rapped on the table and announced:

"A pocketbook containing two thousand dollars in bills has been lost. If it is returned to me, the owner will pay fifty dollars reward and no questions asked."

There was a moment's silence, and then a voice toward the back of the crowd was heard: "Fifty-one!"

Bauer & Black Tirro
The Ideal Mending Tape

Even Eggs!

We used to think Tirro would mend anything except a broken egg.

But now a woman writes that she saved a valuable hatching egg, broken in transit, with a tiny strip of Tirro, put it in the incubator—and the chicken is doing very nicely.

So there you are!

15c 25c 50c
At Your Druggist

Mail This For Free Strip V.C. 9-13-23
BAUER & BLACK, 2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago
Name.....
Address.....
City.....

for 76¢
you can make this smart sweater

Fashionable New York shops are featuring sweaters like this. You can knit one yourself with only 4 skeins Peace Dale Sicilian Floe in any of the new colors. Easy to knit—plain stitches. Directions sent free with sample card showing 120 samples Peace Dale quality yarns. Satisfaction guaranteed. Peace Dale Mills, Dept. 1388, 26 Madison Avenue, New York.

PEACE DALE YARNS

STINGING PAIN OF BURNS
promptly soothed by bandaging with cooling, healing

Mentholum
Write for free sample
Mentholum Co., Buffalo, N.Y., Wichita, Kans.

KokoMo SKATES
with the self-contained ball bearing wheels, the true frame construction and the "rocking-chair" movement are—

"Young America's First Choice."

Ask your dealer for KokoMo's.
KokoMo Skating Metal Co., Kokomo, Indiana

EPWORTH MILITARY ACADEMY
EPWORTH, IA.
For boys (near Dubuque) 6 to 21.
Established 1887; Methodist. Christian Ideals. Essentially Military; fully accredited. Upper and Lower Schools; separate halls. All Athletics. Enrollment limited; apply early to Colonel F. Q. Brown, D. D., President

Factory to Rider
Saves \$10 to \$25 on the Ranger Bicycle you select from 44 styles, colors and sizes. Delivered free on approval—no cash paid for 30 Days' Free Trial. 12 Months to Pay if desired. Possession your liberal year to pay plan. Lamps, wheels, equipment at half retail prices. Write for marvelous new prices, wonderful 30 day trial offer and terms.

Mead Cycle Company Write us today for free catalog
Dept. 2-96 Chicago



When little Billy starts to school

You probably want your children to romp and tumble about with other children as much as they please. But there are occasions when you want them to *stand out*—when you want them to appear unmistakably *your* children, in whom you have pride. Nothing makes a child stand out from the crowd like neat, clean, *fresh-looking* clothes.

If children's clothes are made white, they should be kept white. If they have colors in them, these colors should be kept fresh. And not even a good laundress can preserve whiteness and freshness if she is handicapped by her soap.

Perhaps your laundress has experimented with many soaps, and still her results are not up to the standard you set.

The choice of soap should be yours

If that is so, we suggest that from now on you select the soap yourself and on next wash-day provide her with P and G The White Naphtha Soap. Then watch what happens during the following month. By the third or fourth washing see if the original fresh whiteness does not reappear.

*Not merely a naphtha soap,
Not merely a white laundry soap,
But the best features of both, combined.*

P and G is a most unusual soap. It washes *clean*.

That, you may say, is what every soap is supposed to do. Perhaps, but how few actually achieve genuine, *white* cleanliness—real freshness, like new freshness!

Acts on dirt, not on colors or fabrics

That's the kind of cleanness and freshness P and G achieves, because it acts on the *dirt*, not on fabrics or colors; it rinses out thoroughly, leaving no trace of soap, soapy tinge or odor behind it—it is a *white* soap, a *thorough-cleaning* soap, a *safe* soap for both colors and fabrics.

Besides, P and G lessens the need for constant boiling and hard rubbing. Laundresses like it because it saves their time and energy while it saves their employers' *clothes*.

So many millions of households have discovered the unique properties of P and G that this soap is now *the largest selling laundry and general household soap in America*.

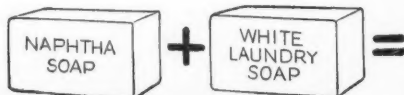
PROCTER & GAMBLE



Paint which is cleaned without hard rubbing should last many years. The quick cleansing of "P and G" keeps paint "young."



Glassware and dishes glisten with perfect cleanliness. P and G removes grease instantly without rubbing. Leaves decorations unharmed.



Speed + Safety

